THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 75. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, November 30, 1895. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 22

THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

BY M. E.

On the Ocean of Life when first we set sail,
How calm are the waters, how gentle the gale!
Hope lends us his glass, which we grasp as a treasure,
And far off we discover bright visions of pleasure;
Fair glowing landscapes, and beautiful isles,
Where flowers ever bloom, and Spring ever smiles;
We pant to obtain them, entranced by the view,
Never doubting such beautiful visions are true.
But far have we sail'd not ere tempests arise,
The sea waves are ruder, and darker the skies;
Before us we see but a wild rocky shore,
And the phantoms of Hope can allure us no more;
Yet still prone to err, and by fancy impell'd,
Through the gloom of despair is the prospect beheld,
Midst thunderings and tempests the lightnings but show
The surges and billows that tumble below;
Then sinks in our bosom the last hope of life,
We abandon the helm, and relinquish the strife;
Forgetting that Hope's fairy visions are vain,
And no prospect so dark but may brighten again.

OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER XXII.—(CONTINUED.)

HERIOT passed his hand across his brow. He had spoken hurriedly, fervently, just as his heart prompted him.

"As I cast the old life behind me, you seemed to grow nearer. I knew that I could never be worthy of you; but I began to hope—don't smile; ah! but you won't smile!—that, some day, I might come to you and tell you what I have told you now. I don't know how it was, but I seemed drawn towards this place; which-ever way I went my feet tended here. Last night I found myself within sight of the house. My love for you seemed to take hold of me and cry out, "Go to her, and tell her that you love her; whatever she may say you will not go back to the old life.' Eva, I have come—I have come to tell you all that you have done for me. I have come to tell you that I love you. Have you any hope for me? Will you finish the work you began? Will you be my wife?"

She tried to speak; but no word would come. His question made pathetic, sorrowful music in her heart.

"I want to tell you before you answer exactly how I stand. If you marry me, the world will laugh, and say that you have married an outcast. Well, I may be. No, I have been; but I am an outcast no longer I remember, years ago, when I was a boy, reading about the Prodigal Son. I'm that Prodigal Son. I shall come back to my father; the dear old man whose life I have hitherto spoiled. I shall come back to take my place amongst my people. I know that that place has been partly filled. My father has made my cousin, Stannard Marshbank, his heir. Mind, I say nothing against Stannard Marshbank, He is a better man than I am, and deserves all that he has got. He is welcome to it. Let my father give him every penny he can. I have forfeited it; but the title is mine. I am the next Earl of Averleigh. Wait! I don't say this to influence you. I know that it will not influence you. I feel here, in my heart, that you are above that kind of thing; but I am the next Earl of Averleigh, and, if you will try and love me, and be my wife, I will be an outcast no longer, but will take my place amongst my kind. Eva, if I were a poor man, with no title, with no prospects, with a fairish life behind me, I should have more courage to come to you than I have now; but I can only say that I love you with all my heart, with all my soul—that I would lay down my life for you! That I will do a harder thing than that—try and be a good man, and, in a way, worthy of you!"

Eva clutched the side of the table, her heart was beating in accord with every word he uttered; an almost irresistible desire possessed her to fling herself upon his breast and murmur, "I love you, I love you!' She stood outwardly calm while this storm of passionate desire raged within her bosom.

He drew a little nearer towards her, his face reflecting the passionate emotion which throbbed through every vein.

"Eva, what will you say to me? Tell me the truth, the absolute truth. All my life depends upon it. I am like a man standing on the edge of a precipice. You, and you only can save me. Eva, I love you; will you be my wife?"

Insensibly she felt herself drawn towards him; her hand was stretched towards his; he seized it, and caught her to his breast.

"My dearest! My own!" broke from his lips.

At the sound of the passionate avowal she came to herself. With a cry, she put her hands upon his shoulders and shrank back.

"No, no!" she panted. "I cannot—I cannot. I must not! Let me go; don't touch me!"

He released her at once, and stood white to the lips, his eyes fixed upon her with an imperative questioning.

"I cannot," she breathed. "Oh, forgive me, forgive me! What have I done?"

"You cannot?" he said. "And yet—just now you—you came to me. I—I don't understand! Your eyes—your face told me that— Eva, you do love me; say that you do—"

"No, no!" she said. "I cannot. Don't—don't touch me. Lord Fayne—it is too late. I cannot be your wife; I am—oh, if I had but known; but if I had known, even then it would be too late! I—turn your eyes away from me, I cannot bear them! I am engaged to Stannard Marshbank." She sank into a chair, and her head fell upon her arms.

Heriot Fayne started back, and caught at one of the carved chairs.

"You are—engaged—to Stannard Marshbank?" he said. He passed his hand over his forehead, and looked at her stonily; the poor fellow had some difficulty in realizing the truth that all his hopes were shattered, that all his future life was worse than a blank.

"I—I am very sorry!" she said. How tame the fair words sounded!

"You are to be the wife of Stannard? Of Stannard! Well"—bitterly—"it is only what I might have expected! He stands well with the world! No one would dream of calling him an outcast; he is a favorite of fortune. And you are to be his wife!"

Eva did not raise her head.

White as a ghost, Heriot stood erect, his head bent, despair proclaiming itself in his eyes, his attitude.

"Yes," he said. "He is a favorite of fortune. He has stepped into my place, he has got my father's good-will—that's all right enough. And now he has won you. Oh, yes, it's all right! I'm paying the penalty, I'm reaping the harvest I have sown. But oh, God, it's hard to bear."

Eva raised her head.

"It is not that," she said. "You do not know!"

"I know enough," he said; "the rest does not matter. Stannard Marshbank! And you care for him? Well, why not? He is a better man than I am. Well, it is all over! He shall take my place. I was never worthy to fill it. I will go now. God bless you, Eva; I—I wish you every happiness."

She sprang to her feet. He stood erect, his hand outstretched towards her in an attitude which, in a better man, might have been called one of benediction.

As she stood confronting him, she longed to cry, "You do not know, you do not understand. It is you I love, but I must marry Stannard Marshbank."

It was strange that something of her meaning did not dawn upon his bewildered and fevered brain. He took a step towards her as she sank into a chair. Even yet all might have been well, and Heriot Fayne and Eva Winsdale have been spared much. But, at that moment, the door opened, and Mr. Winsdale's voice was heard saying in his lightest tones—

"The papers are in here, Stannard." And he and Stannard Marshbank and the Earl entered the room.

At sight of Heriot Fayne the three men stopped, and stared aghast. Then Lord Averleigh took a step forward.

"Heriot!" he cried.

Heriot only glanced at him for a second, then his eyes swept the group and returned to Eva.

She had risen to her feet again, and stood with bowed head and clasped hands.

Stannard Marshbank hurried to her and took her hand.

"Eva; what does this mean?"

Mr. Winsdale moved to her other side.

"Lord Fayne, this is a pleasure!"

"Heriot!" said the Earl, white as a ghost, and with twitching lips.

Heriot Fayne looked round with a bitter defiance.

"I beg your pardon for this intrusion," he said. "I happened to be passing." He laughed wildly.

Stannard Marshbank raised his head, which had been bent over Eva.

"We are very glad to see you, Heriot," he said. "But I'm afraid that you have startled Miss Winsdale."

"It's very likely," he said, with a short laugh. "I am—I am the odd man out."

In his agony he scarcely knew what he said. All his desire was to get outside, away from them, to hide himself and his misery from human ken.

"Heriot," said the Earl, in a broken voice, "when did you come here? How? Why did you not come to me—to us? Lady Janet——"

At this moment Lady Janet entered the room. As she saw Heriot she uttered a cry—the yearning cry of pitying love—and stretched out her thin arms towards him.

"Heriot, my boy!" she cried.

He went up to her, and put his arm round her.

"Aunt Janet!" he said, brokenly.

"My boy, my boy!" she cried. "You have come back to us!"

Before he could respond or repel her a cry rose from the still open window. Every eye turned in the direction of the sound, and, framed as it were by the window, stood a pale, shrinking girl, with Ralph Forster beside her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN his confused and excited state, Heriot Fayne might well have taken the appearance of Grace Warner at the open window as a vision, an improbable trick of the imagination.

But it was indeed Grace herself. Soon after Heriot had left the Warners' cottage to wander towards White Cot, Mrs. Warner, who was alone, and preparing the supper, suddenly heard a repetition of the tapping at the window which had so startled her on the preceding evening. She set down the things from her hand, and clutched the table. She felt perfectly sure that the sound did not come from a bird or the tapping of the ivy against the glass. Perhaps her maternal instinct, the fact that she had been waiting, watching, and praying, for the return of her daughter, led her to hope that the longing of her heart was about to be satisfied.

Fighting for courage and trembling in every limb she got across the room, and opening the door, looked out. It was a moment or two before she could speak; then she faltered out, "Is anyone there?"

A girlish form came, at first slowly, then swiftly, and the poor girl was lying on her mother's bosom, her mother's trembling arms encircling her and holding her tight.

"Grace! Grace! It is you! My child, you have come back! Oh! thank God! thank God!"

"Yes, it's me, mother," sobbed Grace; but she shrank back as Mrs. Warner attempted to lead her into the cottage.

"Don't be afeard, Grace," she said; "I'm all alone; father and Ralph's out."

At the mention of Ralph's name, Grace started, and recoiled a little. "And, if they were here, they'd be only too glad to see you. There ain't a day they haven't waited and longed for you. Come in, dearie; come in."

Grace suffered her mother to lead her in, and Mrs. Warner scanned her with a loving scrutiny, not unmixed with a faint and thankful surprise.

She had looked forward to this hour for many a weary month. She had expected to see Grace, if ever she came back, fearfully changed, worn with misery, and dressed in rags. But her child did not look in the very least like one of the lost creatures in the streets. She was as pretty as ever, and, at any rate, in the mother's eyes, as innocent looking; she was plainly and neatly dressed, and there were no signs of rags or destitution.

She drew Grace to a chair in front of the fire, and, taking off her modest hat, laid the golden head upon her bosom.

"Oh, Grace! Grace!" she said, between her sobs. "It don't seem real; tell me—tell me everything."

Grace shuddered.

"Not—not everything, mother!" she said.

"How did you come here?" asked Mrs. Warner. "I know how you found us, because I left the address at the old house, in case you should ever go back there. We were obliged to leave, Grace, for your father couldn't get work, and we came on here. Ralph came with us, for he's got to look upon us as his own belongings."

"Poor Ralph!" murmured Grace, but though there was pity in her voice, there was no love.

"Where have you been? Where have you been living?" asked Mrs Warner, with trembling impatience.

"It's a long story," said Grace, sighing heavily. "I've been living in London——"

"Not with him!" said Mrs. Warner, between her clenched teeth.

"No, mother," said Grace, with drooping head; "he—he left me very soon; he soon grew tired of me. He was a bad man, mother. Oh! if I had only known——"

Mrs. Warner murmured words of pity, and pressed her closely to her.

"When he left me," said Grace, "I hid myself in London. He offered me money, with a laugh and a sneer, but I flung it at

him. I didn't take a penny. I tried to get work, but for a time I couldn't get any; and, when I did, it was so little that I was nearly——"

Mrs. Warner struggled with her sobs.

"One night I was turned out from my lodging. I couldn't pay the rent; I hadn't a penny. I thought that night, mother, that it would be better for me, better for all of us, if I threw myself off one of the great London bridges!"

Mrs. Warner uttered a faint cry of terror.

"Then something happened. A friend came just as if he were sent down from Heaven, and he helped me—saved me."

"He!" muttered Mrs. Warner, with a momentary sinking of the heart.

"No, mother," said Grace, in a low voice, "you needn't be afraid. They're not all bad men in the world. This one is a good one. I won't tell you his name, because he does not think I know it. He helped me, and things took a turn from that hour. There is a little boy living in the same house with me; he is blind, and plays the fiddle. This gentleman helped him, too; got him engagements at some of the great houses. He's blind, mother, and I have to go with him, and lead him, and take care of him. That's what I did at first; but he persuaded me into trying to sing. He taught me just a few simple things they sing down in the poor parts of London, and I sing them while he plays the violin. The great people whose houses we go to have taken a kind of fancy to us, and they pay us well. Sometimes we get as much as five pounds in the afternoon or night."

Mrs. Warner uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Yes, I know I don't deserve it, mother," said Grace, with a catch in her voice. "But God's been better to me than I deserve."

Mrs. Warner got up, swiftly, and made some tea.

"Go on—go on, Grace!" she said. "Tell me how you came here. You hadn't forgotten us, Grace?"

Grace hung her head.

"No, mother, I hadn't forgotten you; but I should never have dared to come back. I will tell you the whole truth. The day before yesterday I was at a London station, with Johnnie—that's my little friend. We had to go a little way out of London, and, while I was taking our tickets, I saw him on the platform. The sight of him filled me with hate. I felt as if I was burning all over. I wanted to go up to him, and tell him that he was a villain!"

Her blue eyes flashed, and her hands clenched. "He didn't see me, and I went up close to him, while he took his ticket, and I heard the name of the station he was going to. All that night I didn't know what I was doing, or singing, and, when I got home, I couldn't sleep; it drove me mad to think that perhaps he was going on in his old way, and trying to ruin and deceive some other poor girl as he had deceived me. Mother, I think I should have gone mad if I hadn't done what I felt I must do. I felt as if I must follow him and find him, and tell him to his face what I thought of him, and, perhaps, save some poor, innocent girl from his clutches."

Mrs. Warner silently put the cup of tea in her hand.

"Drink it, dearie," she whispered.

"I couldn't rest," said Grace. "And, yesterday, having no place to go to with Johnnie, I went to the station, and took a ticket for the same place as he had. It was Averleigh Station."

"Here?" said Mrs. Warner.

"Yes," said Grace. "I came down, and carefully kept out of sight, and soon found out where he was. He's a great swell, mother; one of those soft-spoken, sweet-smiling gentlemen, that deceive everybody. It's only right that everybody should know what he is. At any rate, one person shall know him. He's courting a young lady down here, a young lady as everyone loves and speaks of as an angel. He shan't marry her, mother, without her knowing what a villain he is. I'll save her, if I can."

Mrs. Warner listened in intense silence and excitement.

"But think of yourself, Grace," she faltered. "They'll all know the story—your story——"

A light of heroic courage burnt in the blue eyes.

"Well, then, mother, they must," she said, firmly.

"It's the one good thing I can do to atone for the wickedness I have done. If I can do any good," she sobbed; "if I can save this poor young lady from falling into his clutches, I shall feel as if I was not altogether bad, as if I had done something to show that I was grateful to God for saving me from——"

She shuddered, and hid her face in her hands. "Oh, mother! if you only knew what I might have fallen into through that man's villainy! I might have been wandering in the streets like many that did no worse than I did, but had no one to save them as I had."

There was a pause, while the two women mingled their tears, then Mrs. Warner said, in a whisper—

"It isn't for me to thwart you, Grace, though I'd rather you never went near him again, and let him go his own way. You shall do as you like. What is it you mean to do?"

"I've found out," said Grace, "that he's going to a place called White Cot tonight——"

"Mr. Winsdale's!"

"Yes; it's his daughter I'm going to try and save. I shall go down there and see her."

"But he'll be there," said Mrs. Warner.

"I don't care," said Grace. "I hate and loathe him, but I'm not afraid of him. What I have to say I'll say to his face, and they'll see, by his face, whether it's true or not."

"And then you'll come back?" said Mrs. Warner. "Don't be afraid, Grace. Your father and Ralph will weep with joy to have you back again."

"No, mother," said Grace, gently but firmly. "I cannot come back to shame you before the people here. I've got my work in London, and my way made out there. You and father must come to me, if we're to be together again."

"And Ralph?" faltered Mrs. Warner.

Grace shook her head, sadly.

"No, mother," she said, in a low voice; "that can never be. I wouldn't do Ralph so great a wrong as to marry him. I could not be his wife. I couldn't have been, even if he hadn't led me astray. I didn't love Ralph, and I think that it was the fear of marrying him that helped to drive me into wrong."

As she spoke Ralph entered. A hoarse cry escaped him, and his gun dropped from his hand; but Grace, though she rose and stood within her mother's arms, uttered no cry, and seemed almost calm.

"Grace!" he said at last. "You have come back?" Then he looked at her, and as he saw the evidences of prosperity evinced by her dress, his face worked. "Where is he?" he asked. "Have you left him?"

Grace's face went white.

"Yes, Ralph!" she said. "I have left him—no; he left me—months ago."

"The hound!" Ralph ground out between his teeth. "Where is he? I want to find him; I want to take him by the throat!"

"No, Ralph!" said Grace. "You must not do that, for your own sake. It is quiet enough that I should suffer!"

Ralph sunk into a chair, his face hidden in his hand, his feet beating against the floor.

"And he's to go unpunished?" he said.

"No!" said Grace. "I, whom he has wronged, have the right to punish him, and I mean to do so."

In a few words she told him something of what she had told her mother.

Ralph sprang to his feet.

"And he's here—here in the place?" he cried. "Take me to him!"

"Yes," said Grace; and her low, calm voice exercised a restraining influence over him. "You shall go with me, Ralph, but only if you promise to say nothing—not one word. What there is to say, what there is to do, I will say and do. Give me your solemn promise, and we will go together."

A struggle went on in Ralph's mind; his face worked, his eyes shone savagely. A desire for vengeance consumed him.

"You promise, Ralph?" she said calmly.

"I promise!" he said at last, hoarsely.

Grace took up her hat, but her mother put it on for her, smoothed the wavy, golden hair, and kissed the pale lips.

"I will come back to see father," Grace whispered. "Tell him that I've never ceased to think of you both day and night; that the thought of all the sorrow I've caused you has been almost punishment enough for even such wickedness as mine. Ask him to forgive me, and give me back a little of his old love. Good-bye, mother, for a little while."

She drew herself away from her mother's arms at last, and with the tears, running down her face, went outside with Ralph.

Only that strange firmness which Heriot had seen indicated in the blue eyes, and childlike face, on the night he found her on the doorsteps, could have kept her resolute in the path she had determined to follow.

Almost in silence she and the man who loved her, but whom she could not love, went across the common. He longed to tell her that he had forgiven her, that he loved her still, to beg for one word of love from her in return, but something, perhaps the consciousness of the hopelessness of his love, choked the words back again.

They reached White Cot, but, at the front gate, Grace paused.

"He will not see me!" she said, almost to herself.

"He shall see you," said Ralph, grimly. "If I have to go in and drag him out here."

"No, no!" said Grace. "Your promise! Remember your promise! Let me think—let me think a moment!"

Mechanically she walked down the path that led to the back of the house, Ralph following; then she saw the light streaming from the open window of the library, and heard voices. She recognized Stannard Marshbank's, and a faint cry escaped her. Instinctively she drew back, but Ralph caught her by the arm, and with set teeth, and white face, drew her to the open window.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THEY were standing with the bright light of the room full upon their faces. Every eye was turned upon them, and for a moment or two, an intense silence reigned. Lord Averleigh was the first to break it.

"Ralph!" he said, in a tone of grave displeasure at the intrusion.

The sound of his voice broke the spell which seemed to have fallen upon Heriot.

"Grace!" he said, and he took half a step forward.

From the moment the persons in the room had come within her view, and she had seen and recognized Heriot, Grace had been unable to take her eyes from his face. She stood gazing at him with her hands pressed upon her heart, her breath coming pantingly. At Heriot's exclamation of Grace's name, Eva started slightly, and drew back with a commingling of feelings difficult to describe. Perhaps surprise predominated. Who was this girl, with the pretty face and golden hair? Why had she come there, and how was it that Heriot Fayne addressed her so familiarly?

Stannard Marshbank, at the sight of Grace, had gone as white as a sheet, and had stepped back a little, behind the group, though he need not have taken that precaution, for everyone was too engaged in gazing at Heriot and Grace to observe Stannard Marshbank.

Lord Averleigh, with an anxious, apprehensive glance at his son, addressed Grace again.

"Why have you come here, my good girl?" he said. "Do you wish to see me?"

Grace found her voice at last. All her courage had disappeared at sight of Heriot Fayne. She had forgotten her purpose, almost forgotten the man she had come to unmask.

"I—I," she faltered, almost inaudibly—"I beg your pardon, sir. I wanted to see—someone. It—it does not matter. I will go away again." She would have turned, but Ralph caught her by the arm, almost roughly.

"You shall not go!" he said. "You shall not go until you've told them what you've come for!" He glared fiercely round the group, and then fixed his eyes upon Heriot Fayne.

"She came here, my Lord, in search of the man—gentleman"—bitterly—"who led her astray, who deceived her with words of love, then, like the hound he is, left her—to perish in the gutter, for all he cared."

A thrill ran through them all. A spasm of pain passed over Lord Averleigh's face. He glanced at Heriot, groaned, and hung his head.

"That's what she's come for!" said Ralph; "but the sight of all you gentry has frightened her. I promised her I'd keep my lips shut, but, as she can't speak for fear of you, I will. There stands the man that led her to her ruin. It's no fault of his that she's not lying dead in the river or wandering the streets in rags at this moment. It's been fine sport for him, and I daresay he'd forgotten her as soon as he tired of her, but there's some of us as don't forget, and I've come here with her tonight to tell him to his face that he's a black-hearted villain, and, if it wasn't for my promise, I'd put it out of his power to deceive another woman."

He stopped for lack of breath, his face working, the sweat standing in big drops on his brow.

Heriot stood erect and motionless. He saw the whole, hideous mistake. A passionate and indignant denial trembled on his lips as he saw his father's head bowed in shame, as he felt Eva shrink farther away from him; but he held his peace, for, even as he was about to cry aloud, "It's a lie! Grace, tell him!" he caught sight of Stannard's white face, and the truth flashed upon him.

It was this man—the man whom Eva loved—the man she was going to marry—who was the villain! Had Eva not been present he would have denounced Stannard, and left him to Ralph's vengeance; but the thought, the mistaken conviction, that Eva loved the man, that his exposure would cover her with scandal, and drag her proud spirit to the mire, held him as if in an iron chain.

It was only a moment of hesitation; a moment in which he asked himself whether or not he should sacrifice himself; but it was long enough to convict him in the eyes of all save the actual culprit.

Ralph's accusation of Heriot had, for an instant, overwhelmed Grace, and rendered her speechless; then, as she realized the hideous mistake, she sprang forward a few steps towards him, with her hand extended.

"No! no!" she cried. "It is not true! It is a mistake!" But they all thought that her denial was prompted by the woman's desire to screen the man she loved, and protect him from Ralph Forster's fury.

Heriot went up to her, but she put out her hand as if to ward him off.

"No! no!" she panted. "It is not true! Tell them it is not true——"

Heriot took her hand. He was white to the lips, and he carefully avoided Stannark's craven face. He knew that if he looked at him he should break down and tell the truth. And so he looked at Eva, who had sunk into a chair, and hidden her face in her hands, and the sight of her and the thought of all that he could save her, nerved him for the heroic effort.

"Silence, Grace!" he said. "Do not say another word. I will explain why you should not, presently, when we are alone. Come now."

But still she struggled against the horrible misapprehension. It was a struggle that could only end one way, for the lightest words of the man who had saved her, the man she revered, had the weight of a command.

She did not understand why he was doing this; why he should shield the real villain, and take his place; but that he should do so was sufficient for her. At any rate, she was powerless to resist his will, to disobey him.

The Earl raised his head.

"My God!" he groaned; "and this man is my son!"

Heriot bit his lip, and set his teeth hard. The Earl raised his hand.

"Go!" he said. "I pray to God that I may never see your face again. You have brought nothing but shame and disgrace upon me and upon the name you bear. You are not fit to live; you are not fit to breathe the same air with these pure and innocent women! Go!"

Heriot opened his lips, looked at Eva, with a terrible look, then turned pale, and left the room.

As he strode out into the night, he glanced over his shoulder, and saw Eva in Stannard Marshbank's arms. She herself, in her overwhelming misery, was unconscious of the fact that he held her, but the sight confirmed Heriot in his belief that she loved Stannard, and strengthened his resolution to sacrifice himself for her.

The idea, the resolution, was a mad one, if you will; it belonged to another age than this selfish and superficial one, but it is on record that men, inspired by a devoted love, such as that which Heriot bore for Eva, have made similar mistakes and committed similar mad acts of self-sacrifice.

As he descended the steps, he mechanically took up his gun. Grace and Ralph followed him. As they reached the darkness of the shrubbery, Ralph, who had been struggling with his rage, strode up to Heriot.

"You villain!" he said. "You've got to deal with me, now!"

Grace flung herself between them.

"No! no!" she cried. "Don't touch him; don't dare to touch him. It was all a lie! He is not——"

Heriot grasp her shoulder.

"Not another word, Grace," he said. "Be silent, I tell you—be quiet. Will you do what I ask you, and say no more? I've a reason for asking. I'll explain——" He broke down at this juncture, as he thought of Eva and the ruined life that lay stretched in a dreary blank before him.

He dropped the gun from his hand and bent his head in his hands.

Ralph and Grace stood stricken silent by the sight of his emotion. Ralph picked up the gun.

"You cowardly cur!" he ground out. "You are not worth an honest man's fist!" He raised the gun, and would have struck Heriot with it, but Grace flung herself upon him, and dragged his arm down.

"You shall not!" she cried, brokenly. "He is innocent; he is the best, the truest friend——"

Ralph stared at her in bitter amazement.

"Friend——!"

"Yes," said Grace. "Oh! I think I shall go mad! Oh, go away, sir; go, before murder's done——"

"I will go," said Heriot. There was no use in his remaining to quarrel with Ralph. "I will go to the cottage, presently. Say nothing, Grace." He left them, and Grace and Ralph, after standing for a moment or two, made their way out of the grounds into the road.

Grace was crying, quietly, and Ralph strode at her side in gloomy wrath.

"Are you going to tell me what this means?" he asked.

She dried her tears, and looked steadily before her.

"I cannot," she said. "But you are wrong—wrong! I will not say another word—only this, that if you lay a finger upon Lord Fayne, if you try to harm him in any way, you will be sorry for it to the very last day of your life, and I will never speak to you again as long as I live! I want to be alone," she added. "I want to be alone, to think, to decide what I am to do." She stopped short in the road, and Ralph, accepting his dismissal, after a moment or two of hesitation, went off in the direction of the moor.

Heriot Fayne walked on like a man in a dream. At such times as this a man gets confused and bewildered; the emotion of the heart overwhelms the action of the brain. He is all sense, so to speak, and very little intellect. The scene which he had just left floated before his mind's eyes. He still saw his father's stricken face, Eva's shrinking indignation and shame, and lastly, Stannard's white countenance, lined with fear and cunning.

He reached the moor. The cold air blew upon his hot forehead, and restored him to something like calmness; then, all of a sudden, he saw what a fool he had made of himself. Instead of sacrificing himself for Eva, he had sacrificed her; and all to benefit Stannard Marshbank! For a cur who had stood silent, and allowed another man to bear the shame of his own misdeed.

The sense of his folly came upon him with the force of revelation. He had been the greatest ass that had ever lived! He had no sooner arrived at that humiliating conclusion than, with his usual impetuosity, he turned on his heel to retrace his steps to White Cot, and set matters straight. All through, his thought was for Eva, and not for himself, though he might have been forgiven the desire to clear himself in the eyes of his father, Lady Janet, and last, but not least, Eva herself. He was walking rapidly round the edge of the quarry, when, suddenly, in a temporary clearing of the sky, he saw a man coming slowly towards him, and looking about him as if in search of someone.

As he approached, Heriot saw that it was Stannard Marshbank. The sight of the man set the blood racing through Heriot's veins. He stopped short, with his hands clenched, a dangerous look in his eyes. Stannard Marshbank saw him, hesitated a moment, and then came on.

"Stop!" said Heriot. "Don't come any nearer, or I won't answer for myself. Go back, get out of my path, or I shall do you a mischief!"

Stannard Marshbank looked from side to side, uncertainly, then he said—

"Heriot, I have come after you. I want to speak to you——"

"Then you couldn't have done a worse thing," said Heriot, grimly. "I don't want to have anything to say to you, and, if I did, you wouldn't like to hear it. Of all the curs on earth, you are the very worst and meanest!"

Stannard hung his head.

"I can bear anything you say to me," he said, in a low voice. "I feel that I deserve any name even you can bestow on me; but I must speak to you, Heriot. I am not going to offer any excuses——"

"You can't!" said Heriot. "Get out of my sight! Get out of my sight, I say. I am going to White Cot; to the innocent girl you have entrapped. She shall know what you are. I have behaved like a madman and a fool! I see it now. Stand aside!"

"Wait," said Stannard, with a humility that was not altogether feigned, for he knew himself to be in a desperate plight, and at Heriot Fayne's mercy. "I am not going to deny that I have behaved badly—"

"Badly! You cur!"

"It was I who brought this trouble upon Grace Warner. I never pretended to be better than other men. In a moment of weakness, I have fallen, as other men have done. Can you lay your hand upon your heart and say that you have never yielded to a similar temptation?"

"Yes!" said Heriot, sternly. "God knows, I am bad enough; we are a precious pair; but I have never been guilty of that. I am no hypocrite or Pharisee, I hope, but I have never sunk so low as to wrong an innocent and confiding woman."

"Then you are a better man than I am," said Stannard. "I don't want to make excuses for myself. I am guilty. But all this happened a long while ago. When I awoke from the evil spell I did all I could to repair the injury I had done. I offered to provide for her. When she left me, I tried to find her. I never deserted her. I have never set eyes on her from that hour until to-night."

"What has all this to do with me?" said Heriot. "Make all these excuses to Mr. Winsdale, to whomsoever you please——"

"Yes," said Stannard. "I shall tell Mr. Winsdale—Eva——"

"Call her by her Christian name again!" said Heriot, fiercely, "and I'll knock you over the quarry! It's desecration!"

"As you will," said Stannard, with servile humility. "I feel it. Heriot, my fate is in your hands; it rests with you whether the repentance which I have sincerely felt is rendered of no avail. I have repented. Since she left me I have lived a life without reproach."

Heriot uttered a sound of incredulity and disgust.

"It is not only my fate you hold in your hand," said Stannard, "but E— Miss Winsdale's. Improbable, impossible as it may sound to you, unworthy as I am, I have reason to believe that she cares for me. Why else should she have consented to marry me?" As he put the question he glanced with cunning suspicion at Heriot's stern face. Did Heriot know anything of the cooked report, the trick he had played upon Mr. Winsdale in regard to the mine? He knew a short breath of relief as he saw by Heriot's that he did not. "I am all unworthy of her, I know," he continued, "but she has confessed that she loves me, has promised to be my wife."

Heriot's lips set tightly.

"I know," said Stannard, "you you dislike me, that you think that I am everything that is bad; but, has no other man been guilty of the offence I have committed, repented of it and afterwards won the love of a good and innocent girl?"

Heriot remained silent.

"I have behaved to-night like a coward, as you say; but is there nothing to be said for me? I was taken by surprise, the whole scene passed before I could recover myself. I was on the point of confessing myself, of telling the whole truth, when you went out. I know what you are going to do; you are going back to the house to denounce me."

"I am," said Heriot.

"You are within your right," said Stannard. "It is what nine men out of ten would do; and yet, I am going to ask you to refrain from doing so!"

"Spare your breath," said Heriot scornfully.

"Yes," said Stannard. "I am going to ask you not to do so; not for my sake, but for hers. Have you thought what the result of your revelation will be?"

Heriot laughed grimly.

"Yes; that you will be kicked out of the house, as you deserve to be!"

"You are wrong," said Stannard, very quietly. "Miss Winsdale is not the woman to desert the man she loves, to cast him aside, because of an offence committed before he knew her. If she were, then she would act as not one woman in a hundred—with her nature—would act. When she hears from my lips the whole story, do you think she will be so hard, so unrelenting, as to withhold her forgiveness?"

Heriot looked at him fixedly. Stannard Marshbank saw that his cunning plea was at least getting him a hearing, and he gained courage.

"You know that what I say is true. She would forgive me, we should be married; but you will have embittered her life. I do not speak of myself, I put myself out of the question. You have a right to punish me; I submit to any punishment, any sentence you may pronounce. But you have no right to punish her; you have no right to stab her to the heart, to inflict a wound that would rankle all her life. You will not bring unhappiness on me only, but on her!"

Heriot turned his head aside. It was a cunningly devised, and unanswerable argument. The man was a villain in Heriot's eyes, and he was incredulous of Stannard's repentance and reformation; but he thought that Eva would believe in this man, whom she loved, would marry him, as Stannard had said; and though she would forgive him, would carry the scar of her wounded faith to the day of her death, if Heriot carried out his threat and told her. Stannard saw his hesitation, and his heart began to beat with hope.

"Think of her, and her only, Heriot," he said. "I know that you care for her—"

"No more of that!" said Heriot.

"Well, I will say no more; only this, that if you care for her as truly as I do, you will not inflict pain upon her. I don't ask you to consider me, though I may say, Heriot, I may remind you, that I have not been altogether inconsiderate of you! When your father offered to put me in your place I pleaded for you with him, I came to you and told you what he had offered me, and begged you to go back; I dealt fairly with you, Heriot!"

Heriot wiped the sweat from his brow, and turned his back on him.

"If you won't spare me, spare her," continued Stannard in a low tone and, imploring voice.

Heriot held up his hand, "Be quiet," he said. "Wait, wait! I want to think!"

Stannard wisely obeyed, and watched his man, as he paced up and down beside the edge of the quarry. And, as he so watched, there crept into his heart an almost irresistible desire to spring on Heriot from behind, and thrust him over.

Heriot turned at last.

"I have made up my mind," he said.

Stannard thrust his head forward, with parted lips, his breath coming fast.

"You will——" he breathed.

"I will keep your secret," said Heriot, hoarsely. "I will not tell her. You say she loves you. It must be so, or she would not have promised to marry you—though God only knows how such a woman as Eva Winsdale could bring herself to endure the touch of your hand; but as it is so I will remain silent. Let her think me the villain, and you—as you are to be her husband—all that is good and noble. But"—he strode forward, and gripping Stannard's shoulder, held him in a grasp of iron—"I warn you! Try and be worthy of the woman whose shoe's string you are not worthy to tie. You said just now that I cared for her. You are right; I do love her with all my heart and soul! It kills me to think that she should care for such a hound as you: but she does, and there's an end to it. No! not an end to it, for you've still to deal with me!" His voice rang low, but with terrible distinctness, and his grasp tightened, until Stannard writhed with pain. "You say that you are reformed, that you've tried to be worthy of her. I suppose you mean to treat her well. You'd better! Cause her one hour's unhappiness, and remember that you have to reckon with me. I spare you to save her pain. Inflict one pang upon her, and, as there's a God above us, I'll come back from the end of the world to punish you! I'm going away from England to-night, but I'll find some means of knowing how you treat her, and—Remember! Go, now! Get out of my sight, lest the sight of you should tempt me to break my resolution."

He flung Stannard from him; and with bowed head strode rapidly away.

Stannard almost fell, then he recovered himself, and rubbing his shoulder softly, cursed Heriot with all the fluency of which he was capable. Then he remembered that he had won the victory, and, with a sneer and a laugh and a muttered "You fool!" he turned to go back to White Cot.

As he did so he heard a rustling below the edge of the quarry immediately beneath him. He stopped and looked nervously in the direction of the sound; and—his nerves were strained to the uttermost—he uttered a faint, thin cry of terror, as a man's head rose above the brink. The next moment Ralph Forster had sprang in front of him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT is this world? A dream within a dream. As we grow older, each step has an inward awakening. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood—the full grown man despises the pursuits of the youth as visionary—the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. Is death the last sleep? No—It is the last final awakening.

Bric-a-Brac.

COLLECTING TAXES.—The Dutch have an original way of collecting the taxes. If, after due notice has been given, the money is not sent, the authorities place one or two hungry militiamen in the house, to be lodged and maintained at the expense of the defaulter until the amount of the tax is paid.

TAKEN FROM LIFE.—The air-tight compartment theory of building ships was copied from a provision of nature shown in the case of the nautilus. The shell of this mollusc has forty or fifty compartments into which air or water may be admitted to allow the occupant to sink or float, as he pleases.

THE OVEN BIRDS.—One of the most wonderful of the feather inhabitants of South America is the oven bird which mixes hair with mud and builds its nest in the form of a baker's oven. In this structure there are two compartments, one of which—where the eggs are laid—is high up, so that the birds may hatch their young in the dry.

SYRIAN MANNERS.—In Syria people never take off their caps or turbans when entering the house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside, and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, which, in Moslem houses, are very clean, and used to kneel upon while saying prayers.

NATURAL SCULPTURE.—The most wonderful piece of natural sculpture in the world may be seen by any visitor to the Cape Verde Islands. As the ship enters the harbor of the above-named place one sees a bold ridge of dark volcanic rocks lying in the distance. The crest of this ridge forms an an exact likeness of Washington, the figure lying apparently face upward, as if in sleep.

DEAR SOUP.—Sterlet is the favorite fish in St. Petersburg. Frozen sterlet is cheap, but fresh sterlet is very dear. The fish is caught in the Volga, and, if intended to be sent alive to St. Petersburg during winter, it makes the journey in water artificially warmed. When the guests bidden to the feast arrive, the sterlet is shown to them swimming in water; then it is taken out, killed, and cooked. So costly is it that it is estimated that a plate of sterlet soup is worth about five dollars.

IN OLDEN TIME.—The stately dames of Edward IV.'s Court rose with the lark, dined at 11 o'clock in the forenoon and retired to rest before 8 in the evening. Henry VIII. went back to 10 in the morning for dinner, and had supper at 4. In the days of good Queen Bess her maids of honor began the day with a round of beef or red herrings and a flagon of ale for breakfast at about 6 30, and partook of dinner at 11, and then went to the play-house in the afternoon, not later than 1.30 or 2, sometimes as early as 12.30, according to the order of the play and the day.

GLORIFYING A PIG.—Until recently, no monument has ever been erected to the memory of a pig. The town of Luneburg, Hanover, wishes to fill up the blank, and at the Hotel de Ville in that town there is to be seen a kind of mausoleum to the memory of a member of the porcine race. In the interior of the commemorative structure is to be seen a costly glass case, enclosing a ham still in good preservation. A fine slab of black marble attracts the eyes of the visitor, who finds thereon the following inscription in Latin, engraved in letters of gold: "Passers-by, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Luneburg."

CHINESE PAWNBROKERS.—Among the Canton houses there are occasional exceptions to the usual one-storyed or low constructions. Some of these are built like square towers four or five storys high, with no outside windows save at a considerable distance above the ground, and no outside projections by which thieves might get in. These establishments are called pawnshops, but they appear more to resemble banks. It is usual among the Chinese to deposit their possessions of value, when not in use, in these establishments. The people also store there in summer their winter clothing, on which money is often lent. To have dealings with a pawnshop is in no way considered derogatory to a Chinese gentleman's dignity.

HEALTH, beauty, vigor, riches, and all the other things called "goods," operate equally as evils to the vicious as they do as benefits to the just.

TIME'S GIFT.

BY E. M.

How swiftly, yet how sadly, time goes by—
Bearing upon its wings, in cold disdain,
The joys and griefs that with it hurled lie—
Leaving upon our hearts its scar of pain.
Nought left to comfort in the wreck it brings
But hope of better things—

Why give us love? our hearts in anguish cry,
Why give us joy, that only ends in woe?
Why kindle love—only that it must die?
Why raise an idol, but to lay it low?
Listen! the answer straight from Heaven is sent
And hearing—be content.

If chains of love that bind us close and fast
'Midst earthly scenes, fullest fruition found,
If love of child or lover ere could last,
Should we seek comfort on some higher ground?
We find, fulfilled in Heaven the hopes time stole,
And dying—reach our goal!

LOVE THE VICTOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATAL MOMENT," "A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION," "WRECKED," "THE FRUITS OF A CRIME," ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED)

IN the reaction after her previous despondency, her joy at seeing Agnes apparently so cheerful, and the warming reviving effect of the good meal, Minnie's heart felt light as a feather. She longed to ask how and where Agnes had obtained so much money as to have had some to spare for these luxuries; but something, she know not what, restrained her.

It was not until the tea things had been cleared away, and they were alone again, that she ventured to ask.

"Mrs. Jones must have paid you well for the cushions, Nessie?" she observed hesitatingly.

"She gave me seven shillings."

"That was pretty well—wasn't it? And she—did she give you more work?"

"She has no more for us."

"No more for us!" exclaimed Minnie, in sharp dismay.

"No more until next summer."

"Oh, Nest! Then we shall have none from anywhere?"

"None from anywhere," repeated Agnes, in a dreary echo

Presently Minnie broke the silence which had fallen upon them by saying in an awed tone—

"And when this money is spent we shall be penniless?"

"Penniless!" echoed Agnes, her head drooping upon her breast.

"What will become of us?" cried Minnie despairingly.

"Heaven only knows; I don't!" returned Agnes, with passionate bitterness.

"But Heaven is good," breathed the younger girl, the tears dropping one by one on to her clasped hands. She would not wipe them away lest Agnes should see that she was crying.

"Heaven has not been good to us!" observed the elder girl, with a hard little laugh.

"Oh, don't say that, Nest! Have we not had good health? Have we not always been together? There are thousands worse off than we are. 'It's always the darkest just before dawn,' you know."

As the girl spoke, a convulsive shiver ran through Agnes' frame; but, bending down, she kissed her sister's forehead, murmuring—

"I hope, for your sake, darling, that the dawn is coming."

"It is—it must be!" ejaculated Minnie. "I do not think we shall come to any real harm. We are orphans!"

"All the worse for us," observed the other.

* * * * * *

The next day was dark and cheerless. Rain poured from a low leaden sky, and a thick fog veiled the outside world, creeping in at every crevice of the ill-built houses. It was very cold too, with a raw biting east wind.

Agnes and Minnie shivered over their wretched little fire, after their unlviting meal, by courtsey called breakfast, which Agnes had scarcely touched.

"Well, I must go!" cried the latter, rising from her knees, and withdrawing her numb fingers from the scanty blaze.

"Go! Where?" demanded Minnie, whose cold was worse, and whose head ached badly.

"To look for some work, my child, of course."

"It's an awful morning!" exclaimed Minnie dolefully, glancing at the wretched prospect.

"Oh, I'm used to awful days! I am impervious to wind and weather, or else getting wet through suits me."

Agnes spoke gaily, but Minnie's eyes filled with tears.

"I know you have to bear the brunt," she murmured sadly.

"Now do not send me away 'with a groan and with a tear,'" quoted Agnes stooping over her sister to kiss her quivering lips. "You are my hope and strength, you know, and you must be brave for and with me. Tears will damp and groans quench my ardor!"

Minnie smiled; but it was well that Agnes did not hear the bitter sobs with which the younger girl was convulsed when Agnes had departed.

Were they indeed forsaken? Minnie wondered despairingly, for the burden was growing too heavy for her strength to bear.

How it rained! Agnes Lyne's thin garments hung heavily round her, her worn cotton umbrella was of no use at all, except to make her wetter than ever with the big drops that streamed from its points. But she pressed bravely on, too used to the dismal aspect of her surroundings to notice it much now.

It was late in the afternoon when she returned. The rain had ceased at last. In the east a large silver moon was rising in a sphere of silvery gray. In its soft lustre even Frances Street looked less dingy and commonplace than it usually did. The ugly houses were veiled in pallid glory; the usually smudgy shrubs shone transfigured. The pools on the road glittered, and there was a feeling of freshness in the purified air grateful to the weary denizens of close offices or shops, now on their homeward way.

Slowly and painfully, dragging her feet along, Agnes Lyne walked up the street pausing for a moment to gaze at the bright silver orb, which seemed to mock her.

On reaching their little apartment, Agnes found Minnie lying on the sofa, wrapped in her old worn ulster and two blankets from the bed; a candle was burning, but there were neither any preparations for a meal nor any fire.

Minnie raised her languid head with a smile.

"Are you worse, darling? And why have you no fire?" queried Agnes fiercely, in her agony.

"My side is so bad; but I am warm now; and, oh, Agnes," replied her sister, with an irrepressible burst, "we have neither coals nor bread—nothing!"

Agnes clenched her teeth.

"And I have brought nothing; I could get no work anywhere," she observed, with the quietness of despair, more terrible than tears and wails. "Surely, now we have reached the lowest depth! But we will have a fire and something to eat to-night, in spite of Fate. We shall get both in the workhouse!"

"The workhouse!" echoed Minnie, starting up and looking dreadfully frightened.

"Silly child! It was only a feeble joke. No—I have a better plan in my head than that—for you, but now you must wait quietly, my poor pet, for another half-hour, and you shall see what you shall see!"

In about that time the fire was lighted and burning merrily. Tea, toast, and a fresh egg were on the table, much to the wonderment of Minnie, who began to feel invigorated by the sight of these luxuries, while no hint on Agnes' part disclosed the fact that the one thick warm petticoat she had possessed had dearly purchased them.

"I want to talk to you seriously, Minnie," began Agnes, when tea was over, and Minnie was seated at her sister's feet. "We must look our future fairly in the face. I could not get any work. It is plain, then, that we must literally starve or go to the workhouse."

"Yes," agreed the girl, in an awed whisper.

"I don't see what we can do?"

"But I do"—speaking in a strained hard voice. "We can have plenty of food, and clothes, warmth, shelter, perhaps even luxuries—only——"

"Only what?" asked Minnie, raising her head to look straight into her sister's rigid face.

"Only—we must part!"

Minnie gasped for breath. Part—the two who had never been separated for a day!

"I would rather starve with you, than live in luxury away from you," she replied passionately, too deeply wounded for tears.

"But that is nonsense!" exclaimed Agnes sharply. "We must live, and so we must part!"

"Hush, darling!" ejaculated Minnie, frightened at the expression of her sister's death-white face, and forgetting her own pain in the sight of this greater one. "If it must be as you say, perhaps it need only be for a time. We can be together again in the end. Tell me, Nessie, what is your plan?"

"This," returned the other more calmly—"you must go to aunt Mary, and I am going as companion to Mrs. Denys, of Weirdwood Grange, if she answers my letter favorably."

Minnie was silent with dismay. From the way in which her sister spoke, the newly-unfolded plan might have been arranged for months past.

"Aunt Mary has always wanted you to live with her, Minnie. You are her namesake, and if I had not been the most selfish creature under the sun, I should have given you to her long ago; but now necessity has done it for me. Child, you are sure to be happy. Aunt Mary is kind, and will behave well to you when you belong to her. You will have that care which I cannot give you."

But here Minnie broke in with a low passionate cry.

"I will not leave you, Nessie; I will not! It would break my heart."

A choking sob broke from Agnes. If it were hard for Minnie, what would it be for her?

"My own Minnie," she answered, with affected calmness—"remember what you said just now; it need only be for a time, only until I have earned enough money to enable us to live together again. Then, of course, Aunt Mary will leave all her money to you; und, oh, what a glorious time we shall have—some day."

"Only for a time." The words ssemed to cheer Minnie's sanguine spirit, and a smile flashed through her tears. "I can bear anything with the hope before me of our being togethor in the end. And I will work too. I will save money; I will, Nest. Why has Aunt Mary never helped us before? Why will she not help us now without our being obliged to part?"

"She is old, darling, and eccentric. She will help us only in her own way, and that is your going to live with her. I ought to earn bread for myself, she says; and indeed it is true, and——" The sweet sad voice was suddenly stilled.

"But you, Nessie! Oh, it is all so strange, I cannot understand it! What did you say you were going to do?"

"Going to be a grand lady's companion, dearest. See"—snatching up the newspaper—"here is the advertisement! I saw it and answered it yesterday. If she will have me, Weirdwood Grange is to be my home. Rather a ghostly name—isn't it?"

"Oh, couldn't I go with you? Couldn't I be nurse, or housemaid, or—or something, just to be near you? Don't you think she'd have me, too, if she knew?"

"Don't, Minnie," broke in Agnes convulsively; "you are killing me." Then in gentler accents, she continued, "We have each something to bear, dearest, and must help each other to be brave. Surely, some day, when all this is over, we shall be happy."

But, even, as the girl spoke, a heavier cloud settled upon her.

CHAPTER IV.

"OH, Agnes!" exclaimed Minnie despairingly, as she sat down on her box in the room for which the sisters had exchanged their Frances Street apartments, and gazed blankly round.

It certainly was a miserable place, situated at the very top of a five-storyed house, up several narrow dingy flights of stairs, where a tight grasp of the balusters was necessary for safety. On one side the roof slanted almost to the floor, and in this slope the curtainless window was placed. Opposite there was a small grate, and in one corner a bed; a chair, a stool, and a broken deal table made up the remainder of the furniture.

Although they were to stay there only for a few days, and it was now definitely arranged for Minnie to go and live with her aunt amongst the "purple woods of Sussex," a favorable answer having been received from Mrs. Denys by her companion-elect, the aspect of their new quarters filled both girls with horror. Minnie had resolved to be brave, to bear all quietly, and not to "bother" Agnes, as she expressed it, any more; but a sharp cry was positively forced from her as, by the gray light of a cheerless January afternoon, she surveyed the new lodgings.

"We are only one step above the tramp level!" remarked Agnes bitterly. Then with a laugh and a quick change of tone—"But we shall be grand ladies next week, Minnie; and, after all, this wretched place will break us in for what has to come."

"You mean our parting?" questioned Minnie, her blue eyes leaving their scrutiny of the dismal attic to fasten themselves yearningly on her sister's pale face. "I wonder if I shall live through it?"

"Live through it? Did ever anyone hear the like," cried Agnes, apostrophising the window. "Of course you will live to smile at the remembrance of this. How we shall laugh some day, over our adventures now! Some day, not very far off, my pet, when we are in a dear little house of our own. Sitting in our comfortable easy chairs by our own fireside, with pictures on the walls and flowers all about we shall recall our troubles as if they had been merely a dream—a sad dream—that will make us all the happier then!"

Minnie's face brightened, as Agnes meant it should, during this sketch of the future, and when the speaker finished she clapped her hands like a child.

"Oh, that will be joyful!" she sang, her voice breaking in a hard hoarse cough.

"Don't quote hymns," exclaimed Agnes impatiently; "especially that one—I hate it!"

Minnie looked at her in surprise, but Agnes seemed herself again directly.

"Come, darling, let me open your box," she said cheerfully. "I'll make this den as comfortable as possible for the little time we need to occupy it. Meanwhile we must have some tea."

Repeated pulls of the bell being of no avail, Agnes descended the dark stairs, and penetrated to the lower regions, where, in a beetle-haunted cellar kitchen, she discovered the landlady in a ragged gown, pinned together here and there, and a forest of curl-papers, leisurely reading an illustrated half-penny "dreadful" by the fire.

"Didn't you hear the bell?" inquired Agnes.

"Laws," answered the woman, yawning—"it's you, miss! Why, yes, I hear; but, in course, I don't hanswer no bells but the first floor; and Jane, she've gone out to fetch the droring-room's sausages."

"We want tea," observed Agnes briefly, repressing her rising anger.

"Then I'd hadvise you to get it yourself," replied the landlady coolly; "hattics generally waits on themselves."

Agnes could not trust herself to speak. Had she been alone she would have left the kitchen then and there, and gone tealess to bed, rather than endure further humiliation; but Minnie, ill and feverish, was longing for a cup of tea.

"If you will show me where the things are kept, I will get tea ready," she said, with forced calmness.

The landlady pointed to a gloomy door and returned to her paper, only disturbing herself once more to inform Miss Lyne that she had unlawfully possessed herself of the "dining room's" tray, and that the "hattics" had to put up with a broken dish.

At last the meal, as daintily prepared as Agnes could manage out of her bad materials, was ready, and she took it upstairs to her sister.

Minnie sat in the solitary chair close by the grate, with her head back against the wall, fast asleep. Putting the cups and saucers gently down, Agnes went to wake her, but paused to look earnestly at her sister's face.

How altered it was, by hunger and cold, even in the past week. All its plump roundness and rosiness was gone. Where the former had been, large hollows were visible; where had bloomed the latter, the pronounced crimson of disease had made a spot of color on the otherwise deadly pallor. Heavy shadows surrounded the sunken eyes. Agnes' heart sank within her as she gazed. She wondered she had never noticed before how very ill her young sister looked—how her shabby dress hung on her shrunken figure, and what a curious sound her breath made as it went and came.

"His doing," Agnes thought fiercely, clenching her hands passionately. "Heaven grant he may suffer for it some day, as I am now suffering! No—ten times more even than that!"

Suddenly, with a hoarse cry Minnie awoke, gasping for breath, and throwing out her hands wildly.

Agnes caught them in her own cold trembling ones.

"My darling, it is I! It is Nessie! You have been asleep!"

"Have I? Oh, Yes—I remember!" replied Minnie, slowly gathering consciousness. "I am glad you woke me. I dreamed there was a weight here"—touching her chest—"that was killing me! Is tea ready?"

"Yes," returned Agnes, trying to speak cheerfully in spite of the sharp dread that was consuming her—"and you will feel ever so much better when you have had some. I do wish that I could get something nice for you, Minnie."

"I couldn't have eaten it whatever you had got," observed the other, smiling, "so it would have been wasted, you know—but I am very thirsty."

She drank cup after cup of tea, her eyes growing brighter, her spirits higher with each. All her languor and depression seemed to have left her. She talked and laughed quite gaily, and had it not been for that ominous cough and the occasional pressure of her hand to her chest Agnes would have deemed her quite recovered. Anyhow she was evidently better, and, seeing this Agnes took heart of grace again. The latter was really hungry, and made a pretty good meal of the dry hard bread which she broke into her cup, vainly trying to tempt Minnie to do the same.

"I cannot indeed," she replied earnestly. "But never mind, Agnes; I shall eat like a grampus—they do eat, don't they, or do they snore?—I know they're famous for something—soon. I shall look down upon dry bread for tea from the lofty heights of cake and muffin then!"

"And I from the loftier heights of a grand late dinner! What fun it will be to write and tell you my adventures!"

"Yes—and then I shall ask aunt Mary to let you spend your holidays with me. Oh, I shall persuade her to do just as I like! I mean to make her over head and ears in love with me!"

"I shall endeavor to subdue my Mrs. Denys too. We shall both be prime favorites by and-by. Old ladies only want humoring and petting to be devoted to one."

"And now tell me about our own little home that we are to share when we are together again!" demanded Minnie, when tea had been cleared away, and she was seated comfortably by her sister. She smiled into the fire as she spoke, and felt strangely happy. The girl was warmed and comforted by the hot tea, which Agnes had made so extravagantly strong, as well as by the prospect of that far-off fair future. "Shall we have a garden, Nest?" she asked abruptly.

"Oh, of course! We shall just open our drawing-room windows and walk out into the loveliest little garden you ever saw. There will be lilacs and laburnums, all a mass of blossom, and one or two big beautiful beech-trees for shade. There will be all kinds of roses, besides jessamine and lilies, and violets and snowdrops in the spring."

Then both were silent, lost in reverie—Agnes with a shadow on her face, Minnie with a smile.

At last the latter spoke, soft and hesitatingly.

"Nessie dearest, when we are rich and happy, you will try to forget; you will forgive him?"

"Never," exclaimed Agnes, raising her head with a passionate gesture, her voice ringing through the low attic—"never!"

"You feel so now, dear. But then—then—when we are both happy, you cannot help forgiving?" urged Minnie tremulously.

"I will rather pray that he may be wretched; that he may feel the sting of want and misery—that, even when we are blessed, he may be cursed! That he may beg for forgiveness, and never find it on earth or in heaven!"

An evil fire burned in the girl's dark eyes as she spoke, a crimson spot glowed in each of her white cheeks.

Minnie shrank back—

"Oh, Agnes, Agnes!" she cried piteously. "My poor, poor sister! How miserable it is for you to feel like that! Don't you know, dear, you never can be happy until you do forgive? We shall never have that dear little home—we shall not—cannot be happy. It is all gone!"—and, covering her face with her hands, she shed bitter tears.

At first Agnes listened to her sobs as though she had been deaf; then she started up, drew her sister tenderly towards her, and began to stroke her hair, soothing her by every endearing name she could think of.

"Hush, my darling! You will make yourself ill! I ought not to have spoken so! I won't say it again. Oh, don't my dear one!"

After a time Minnie raised her tear-bedewed face, and asked pleadingly—

"And you will try to forgive?"

"Oh, Minnie, you are killing me! But I cannot tell a lie even for you! I cannot—I cannot forgive!"

"I think I will go to bed now, darling," remarked Minnie, after a long pause.

"You shall, darling; you will be better for a good night's rest. You at least may sleep in peace," she added under her breath.

Early in the cold dark winter morning, Agnes was awakened by a hoarse sobbing sound, which at first had seemed a part of her uneasy dreams, but which she at length found proceeded from the restless sleeper by her side. Trembling with dread she got up and lighted the candle.

"Minnie, are you ill?" she inquired.

There was no answer. Minnie lay tossing on her hard pillow, with burning cheeks and parched lips; her eyes were open but apparently sightless, and every breath was drawn with evident pain and difficulty. A spasm of agony convulsed Agnes' heart as she realized it all. Her cherished sister ill in this wretched attic!

It was impossible to leave Minnie alone, and yet a doctor must be fetched at once.

Hastily dressing, Agnes went to the door and looked out into the darkness, with a vague idea of hearing somebody stirring, or of calling the uncouth landlady. While she hesitated, she heard a door on the next landing opened and shut and a voice say, "Doctor!"

That was sufficient. Agnes ran down swiftly, just in time to catch a tall grave-looking man on the stairs. He stopped, and looked at her inquiringly.

The candle she carried shed all its light on her blanched frightened face, with its shining eyes, its parted lips; her rippling hair streamed in long pale locks over her faded black gown.

"Are you a doctor?" she gasped.

"Yes," was the response, with professional brevity. "Do you want me?"

"Yes, yes! My sister is very ill, upstairs!"—and, turning, she led the way swiftly back, the Doctor following as best he could.

He looked very serious indeed as he leaned over the sick girl and felt her brow and chest, and counted the feverish pulsations.

"Inflammation of the lungs!" he remarked presently. "Your sister must have something at once. Have you any one you can send?"

"No—we are quite alone, and I cannot leave her!" replied Agnes, her voice steady, though she was trembling in every limb.

A gleam of compassion flashed from the Doctor's keen eyes. He took in the whole situation at a glance. Misery and desolation were by no means rare to him; but that these girls were ladies, delicately nurtured, he at once perceived, and that they should be in such a plight was indeed sad. Want—for he saw they were half starved—and crushing poverty were doubly hard for them to endure.

"No," he acquiesced in his gentlest tones—"you cannot leave her; but I live close by, and she shall have something in a few minutes. You must mind, though, that the front door is not fastened against me during my absence, Miss——"

"Lyne," said Agnes, a faint color rising in her cheeks—"Agnes Lyne."

Very few minutes elapsed before the doctor reappeared. He held in one hand a bottle of medicine, a spoon, and a glass; in the other a tin can, which bore a resemblance to a saucepan, and a bundle of firewood under his arm.

"The medicine first thing!" he observed cheerfully, and, unconsciously yielding to his gentle firmness, the sick girl allowed herself to be raised, taking the medicine as submissively as a baby.

"Is she very ill?" asked Agnes, in tones that implored the doctor to say, "No."

"Bad enough," he answered briefly, his hand on his patient's pulse. "She has become very low and weak, and the inflammation is severe."

Agnes' countenance grew whiter, and she clutched her hands so tightly that the nails pierced the tender skin.

"Half starved, both of them," was the doctor's verdict. "Now," he said aloud, leaving the bedside and going over to the fireplace—"you must have a fire at once. I brought some wood; and you have some coals? Yes—that's right; but don't interfere with me, please."

So, like one in a dream, Agnes, with Minnie's hot hand again in hers, watched Doctor Maurice make and light the fire, on which he put his tin can, with a most matter-of-fact air.

"When this soup is nicely hot," he remarked, cutting short Miss Lyne's grateful exclamation with an imperative gesture—"you are to give your sister a few spoonfuls, and take a cupful yourself. I'm not going to have you on my hands too. I shall want you to be nurse; so no words, please! As a doctor I must insist on being obeyed. I will come in again in an hour or two."

The days passed without any change that unprofessional eyes could discern in the invalid's condition. Minnie, as a rule, lay quiet, in a sort of stupor, only towards evening brightening up a little, listening meanwhile, with ever fresh delight, to Nest's pictures of the little home which they were to share, but apparently forgetful of aunt Mary and the parting which must come when she herself was restored to health.

For her sister's sake Agnes conquered her pride and allowed Dr. Maurice to do as he would. He sent in coal, meat, soup, tea—everything, in fact, they required—telling Agnes playfully that his bill should follow in due course.

"I shall have money soon, when I go to my situation," Agnes told him one day, raising her pale piteous face to his; "then I shall be able to repay you—so far as money can do it—for all you have done. But, oh!"—with a burst of irrepressible gratitude—"I am indeed grateful. They say an orphan's blessing has power for good, and it is yours, doctor."

Doctor Maurice turned hastily away, with an unaccustomed moisture in his eyes. The girls passionate words affected him strangely; indeed his naturally kind heart ached with pity for the two young desolate creatures, so soon, he greatly feared, to be parted for ever.

On the following day Minnie was much worse. She did not brighten up as usual at tea-time, but only smiled faintly and said that she was too tired to talk. She lay silent and apparently restful, her eyes closed, her hand clasped in her sister's. Only once Agnes heard her murmur to herself—

"We shall never have that little home—Nest won't forgive!"

The listener's cheeks flushed; her heart beat wildly, then almost stopped. Was she so sinful that Heaven was going to punish her for it? Was this the reason of Minnie's illness? No—it was his doing! It was but an added wrong, the result of his sin, not hers. But what if, after all, this should be the punishment of her own hardness? Some old words in a Sacred Book, on the necessity of forgiveness, rushed to her mind.

"Oh, kind Heaven, restore my darling to health, and then I will—I will forgive him!"

The prayer was wrung from her by her agony, and she thought that it was one that must win help and succor from above.

"Darling, if you get better we shall have that little home for—for I will forgive!" she said, through her fast falling tears.

But Minnie's thoughts were wandering.

"Forgive? Yes—I forgive all—all," she murmured brokenly; "but Agnes won't. Oh, Nessie, you must—you must!"

"Yes, yes, my darling, I will, I will! Only you must be quick and get better—I can't bear it much longer."

"Much longer?" echoed Minnie, her voice growing weaker with every word. "No—not much longer! All is over—joyful—part no more."

Then a heavy stupor overcame her; she was unconscious of the pale watcher's agony, her bitter tears, her irrepressible moans, and fragmentary prayers.

When Doctor Maurice returned an hour later, he found the elder sister—worn out at last by sleepless nights and much mental suffering—crouched by Minnie's bed fast asleep, her head resting on the same pillow, her fair hair mingling with the other's darker locks.

Minnie's sunken eyes were half unclosed, her colorless lips were parted in a faint smile. She was dead.

CHAPTER V.

A TRAIN dashed along on its devious way through the northern counties of England, now plunging into a tunnel beneath some rugged hillside, then skirting some precipitous elevation, and flashing past a little country station, or rushing with hollow roar across the bridge that spanned some green valley or foaming mountain stream.

Of the passengers some were asleep; others were slowly consuming interminable sandwiches, or interested in sensational novels, or crackling newspapers. Most of them had come a considerable distance, and were wearily longing for the journey's end.

Amongst these latter—the solitary occupant of a third-class compartment—was a delicate looking girl, dressed in deep mourning, leaning back in a corner, her large dark eyes fixed with a mournful pleasure upon the wild and beautiful scenery. The window by which she sat was lowered, and the keen fresh air of the autumnal afternoon blew full upon her, bringing to her face a faint tinge of rose-color. Agnes Lyne was on her way at last to Weirdwood Grange near the remote village of Eldermine in Ferrashire.

All through the spring and the greater part of the summer she had lain on a sick bed, and had it not been for the constant care of Dr. Maurice she would have quitted it only for her grave. The shock of her idolized sister's death had been terrible to the devoted girl, who had never imagined any possible future apart from Minnie.

At first she had simply passed from one swoon to another. The brain fever aggravated by physical weakness and long-continued mental anxiety, had set in, leaving her at length utterly exhausted. Even when she regained some slight strength she would lie quiescent and in total silence, her wide-open tearless eyes fixed upon the dull sky, a glimpse of which could be seen through the small square of uncurtained window.

Agnes never expressed a wish of any sort, taking her food and medicine quite mechanically. She never inquired how it came to pass that she was lying in the cozy bed room on the soft bed to which Dr. Maurice had had her removed in the first stages of her illness. She never mentioned her sister's name; never spoke of the past or the future; never smiled, never wept. The good doctor was almost in despair.

"She will end her days in a lunatic asylum, or else slip through my fingers altogether," he thought disconsolately, for the lonely helpless girl, who must certainly have died but for his care, interested him most deeply.

Doctor Maurice would have given much to see her smile or even cry; but this stirless apathy seemed proof against his medicines, his long friendly visits, even his gentle words of Minnie; for as a last resource he tried to remind the sick girl of her sister's illness, enlarging upon her patience and gentleness and the manner of her death.

He told Agnes where she was buried, describing the plain stone cross which, by their aunt Mary's instruction, had been erected over the grave, and the wreath of flowers his own hands had placed there. But Agnes spoke no word or showed sign of interest. A renowned physician, called in by Doctor Maurice, shook his head gravely on seeing her.

"If she cannot be roused she will be gone in a week or so," he remarked; adding, "Better that perhaps than a madhouse."

But the weight that pressed on heart and brain was lifted by the power of music.

A new servant had just come into the house, a country girl with a fresh blithe voice, who, one evening, forgetful of the invalid in the room above, amused herself whilst laying the "drawing-room's" dinner by singing sundry scraps of songs and hymns picked up at sundry situations, where her mistresses had been musical.

The nurse was asleep, therefore the singer was uninterrupted, and after a few minutes the sound seemed to penetrate to Agnes Lyne's dull senses. A faint gleam came into her heavy eyes; a slight hue gradually suffused her colorless cheeks. The influence of eternal things made itself felt; the power of thought in some dim degree returned, and interest was imperceptibly aroused. At length the voice of the invisible singer broke into the simple ever-pathetic ballad, "Home, sweet Home!"

A pang of sudden sharp remembrance, of bitter grief, and of sisterly look shook the sick girl's being to its depths.

"Minnie, Minnie!" she cried, and when the nurse, roused by the sound, hurried to the bedside, she found that the longed-for change had come to pass, for the patient was weeping passionately.

After that evening, recovery, though slow, had been sure. Doctor Maurice had Agnes conveyed to his own house as soon as she was able to be moved, she having resolutely refused aunt Mary's tardy invitation.

"I don't need help now," she remarked—"it comes too late."

Agnes did not however refuse the Doctor's kindly invitation. She knew that she must gain strength before she could work, and that for this purpose some change was necessary. When the Doctor's mother—a silver-haired old lady—came in her son's comfortable brougham to fetch her, she allowed herself to be carried away with her few belongings, with a feeling of peace and child like content such as she had not known for years.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON THE WING.

BY C. H. D.

Love's form is still, for dear Love is a-dying,
Upon his bed of roses quivering;
For Love, who wounded others, heartless flying,
Himself was struck by Jove while on the wing,
And fell to earth, in mortal anguish lying.
Why should Love die? What is the use of sighing
While you such doleful, tender ditties sing?
Haste you, my Phyllis, with quick footsteps hieing;
No mournful requiem bring.
With drooping lips and dewy eyes half crying;
Haste you your heart to offer for his buying;
Jove will repent him that he did this thing;
For your sweetheart, I'm sure there's no denying,
Fit ransom is for Love—the heart's own king.
Ah now I see your tear-drops quickly drying.
Love is again on wing.

The Nihilist.

BY S. U. W.

AT St. Petersburg, on the night of January 20th, 1878, the cold was unusually severe. In the streets, a few belated pedestrians, wrapped in heavily-furred overcoats, were hurrying as fast as their ponderous snow-boots would allow them. The gas-lamps, half hidden by a thick coating of hardened snow, and ornamented in some places by festoons of ice, cast fitful gleams of tawny light upon the vast white sheet which extended as far as the eye could reach.

Occasionally, a brougham or a sledge came along at a swift pace, the nostrils of the horses pouring forth volumes of vapor, while the jingling of the icicles on their manes and tails kept time to their rapid trot. The thermometer marked 29° below freezing point, a fact which was duly made note of by one of the sturdy police soldiers on duty at the Newski Perspective. Muffled in his heavy overcoat, his lower limbs shivering in knee boots, a hood made of thick, yellowish cloth, partially drawn over his face (not sufficiently, however, to hide the half-healed wounds resulting from constant exposure to severe frost), he inwardly anathematized the illluck which compelled him to be abroad this bitterly cold night, while most other folks were comfortably ensconced in warm beds, little caring for the inclemency of the weather.

His vexation received a fresh stimulus each time he had to pass, in the course of his beat, the mansion of Prince Seniavine, situated in the broadest part of the Perspective. The windows of the vast mansion, on the first and second floors, were brilliantly illuminated, while the shadows of dancers could be seen rapidly passing to and fro.

At brief intervals, carriages drew up at the principal entrance and deposited guests, muffled in shapeless masses of furs. At such times puffs of warm air laden with delicious perfumes reached the poor fellow slowly pacing outside, and rapturously inhaling these whiffs of a more temperate atmosphere. At intervals, the distant crescendo of an orchestra reached his ears.

* * * * * *

Major General Prince Sergius Seniavine, aide-de camp to the Emperor and military governor of a Province, was a tall, corpulent man, fifty-eight years of age, with gray hair and beard. Gifted with an iron constitution, sparing neither himself nor others in the execution of his duty, he was the incarnation of passive obedience to orders received from superiors in rank. The rigidity with which he followed the line of conduct which his sense of honor dictated, had created him many enemies, but he braved the attacks of calumny and envy with unmoved composure, despising and sometimes even pitying his foes.

Possessed of ample means, one of his greatest delights was to relieve distress when it crossed his path. Often had he privately assisted some unfortunate wretch whom he had been compelled to punish in the execution of his official duties, and many a time had his eyes, blue and cold like discs of steel, been dimmed at the recollection of sufferings he had been compelled to inflict.

He was not ambitious, and would have resigned his position without regret. He was brave, and had served his country long and faithfully. Reserved in manner, he was ill-disposed towards flatterers, whom he despised, and in the wide social circle which surrounded him by virtue of his birth and rank, he might have found one or two trusty friends, certainly not more.

Although his nature was devoid of the strong, deeply-rooted passions which characterize Asiatic nations, Prince Seniavine was susceptible of powerful emotions and affections. He loved, with an absolute excess of parental devotion, his only child, his daughter. It seemed as if Olga's dead mother had transfused her affection for her offspring into her husband's soul, and that his and her love combined had resulted in this wondrous passion.

To the stern, inflexible soldier, this tender girl's slightest caprice became law. He endeavored to anticipate her every wish; if not, it was satisfied when scarcely expressed. Had any unlucky mortal suggested the existence of an imperfection in the General's idol, he would have instantly created for himself a bitter enemy. It must be acknowledged that the young Princess was far from being undeserving of this excessive admiration.

Tall, fair, slender, graceful in every movement, Olga Seniavine had just completed her seventeenth year. Golden hair, twisted in heavy coils round a low, broad, white forehead, formed a natural crown of surpassing beauty. Her large blue eyes, pure and limpid as a mountain stream, were invariably directed to those of the person she happened to be addressing. Accustomed to express candor and truth, they doubtless sought to discover the same qualities in the countenances of others.

Utterly ignorant of the existence of vice, unconscious of the world's hypocrisy and petty jealousies, she glided gracefully on a flowery path in the garden of life, exempt from false pride, haughtiness, or fear. In a word, she was good and beautiful and true; and her father, as we have said before, absolutely idolized her.

A month or so previous to the opening of this narrative, the General had observed that Olga, usually cheerful and easily moved to laughter, had become subject to fits of apparently causeless sadness. Of late she had occasionally become silent and absorbed, appearing at such times to be wandering in dreamland. At first the old soldier feared for his daughter's health, and questioned her concerning these sudden changes of manner, hiding beneath a smiling countenance the intenseness of his anxiety.

The young girl, incapable of dissimulation, or perhaps not quite understanding the true nature of these novel sensations, offered no satisfactory explanation, simply stating that she was perfectly happy and had never been in better health in her life. The General, reassured on this score, recollected that he had in former years experienced symptoms of a similar kind.

Therefore, without referring again to the subject, he suggested every kind of amusement he could think of at the time, embraced his daughter and went his way, twirling his moustache. He believed he was not far wrong in conjecturing that love had awakened in the heart of his beloved child. Yet he did not feel in the slightest degree uneasy; he had implicit confidence in Olga, and was sure she could not have fixed her choice upon an unworthy object.

Moreover, such an event took place in the ordinary course of things; he had expected it, and now it only remained for him to ascertain which of his daughter's numerous admirers was fortunate enough to have found favor in her eyes. For some time he narrowly watched the gay throng which surrounded the young Princess at every ball or reception which took place at his house, but for some time could discover nothing.

At length, he remarked that Olga's manner became more affable, her conversation more engaging, and that she went so far as to be almost coquettish during the rare and brief visits of Count Paul Lezcziński.

The Count was a young officer, barely twenty-six years old, of medium height, with regular features. He belonged to the highest rank of nobility, had been left an orphan in early childhood, was not possessed of any fortune, and had gained by dint of hard work, perseverance and intelligence, a brilliant position in the military service of his country. He was considered one of the ablest artillery captains in the Russian Army, and it was generally believed that he had a brilliant career before him.

Quiet in manner, somewhat taciturn, he was seldom seen at dinners, theatres or balls. He indulged in none of the futile amusements generally so much sought after by young men of his age. He shunned society, its empty forms, meaningless chatter, deceptions and depravity. No one had guessed his love for the General's daughter save Olga herself, who, with a woman's intuitive tact, had discovered the secret her lover's timidity had prevented him from revealing. Count Lezcziński considered the Princess' immense wealth an insuperable barrier to their union, and as he saw no hope of ever being able to obtain her hand, resolved not to declare his love, but to content himself with worshipping in silence and at a distance.

As soon however as the General became aware of his daughter's preference for the Count, he inwardly rejoiced that she should have made a choice of which he entirely approved, and determined, on being satisfied that the young officer reciprocated the affection he had inspired, to bring about the happiness of these children, as he called them. He straightway formed a plan by mean of which he hoped to ascertain whether the Count was worthy of being entrusted with such a treasure; and, as a preliminary step to its execution, he gave instructions that invitations should be issued for a grand ball to be given on the night of the 20th January already alluded to, hoping that in the course of the evening he should find the opportunity he sought. For the first time in his life the General experienced a feeling of trepidation; he felt that the future happiness and welfare of his dearly beloved child depended upon the result of the step he was about to take.

* * * * * *

The night was far advanced, the dancing was at its height, and the guests at the General's ball seemed bent on enjoying themselves to the utmost of their power. Prince Seniavine, tolerably sure that his movements were free from observation, strolled leisurely through the splendidly furnished rooms in search of Count Lezcziński, to whom he had taken special care that an invitation should be sent. He soon discovered the young officer, half hidden behind a heavy window curtain, absorbed in ecstatic contemplation. Following the direction of the Captain's gaze, he perceived Olga, seated at a short distance conversing with some friends. The General smiled, approached the Count and tapped him lightly on the shoulder.

"Whom are you looking at so intently, may I ask?" said he good-humoredly.

The officer started, blushed, and stammered a few unintelligible words. The Prince with great coolness resumed:

"Why, one would almost think you are in love. If so, tell me about it. I am an old friend, old enough to be your father, and you know me sufficiently to be certain that your confidence will not be misplaced."

The Count remained silent.

"Oh, oh! You will hesitate? Hum! Artillery captains in our service, at the age of twenty-six, are not usually overburdened with bashfulness. Besides, if I insist in this way, it is because I have reasons to believe I can be of assistance to you."

"You, Prince?" exclaimed the Count with an expression half-sad, half-amused.

"Certainly. Why not?"

The Count cast his eyes to the ground and paused a few seconds before answering.

"Well, and if it were true that I love deeply, sincerely, devotedly, and that she whom I love is far beyond my reach, how could you assist me?"

The General looked steadfastly at his guest and said:

"She is rich and you are poor. Is that it?"

The young officer bowed his head in assent.

"But," resumed the Prince, "ought a man of your talents and merit to be deterred from a legitimate aim in life because he does not happen to have wealth at his command?"

The Count smiled sadly as he replied:

"Be that as it may, the obstacle is a serious one. If you only knew——"

"I know one thing," interrupted the General, "which is that the man who would not care to accept you as a son-in-law on account of your poverty, is an idiot."

"Is it possible that you, Prince, can express such an opinion to me?"

"And," continued the General, "I am equally sure that the girl who would refuse to be your wife would be very difficult to please."

"I can hardly believe what I hear; it seems to be a dream."

"No, my young friend, it is not a dream. Accustomed as we are to see around us baseness, hypocrisy, and cupidity, it becomes difficult to believe that, here and there, a few honest, disinterested men still exist. Yet, even beneath the embroidered uniform and broad ribbons of a state functionary, a true and loyal heart may beat; and the courted, envied, hated official may at the same be an affectionate parent, happy to find a trustworthy, honest gentleman, to whom he can say: 'You love my daughter, I have good reason to believe she returns your affections, you are alone in the world, accept me as a second father.'"

Lezcziński could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses. The sudden realization of his wildest, fondest hopes, almost deprived him for a few moments of the power of thinking. He could hardly give mechanical utterance to a few expressions of heartfelt gratitude; his joy was too great for words. The room appeared to spin round and he almost reeled as he sank on a cushioned chair which stood behind him. The Prince shook him warmly by the hand, then left him to himself.

* * * * * *

An hour afterwards, the young officer quitted the General's house with more happiness in his heart than it had ever yet contained. On reaching the street, he was accosted by the driver of a sledge, who had been waiting and watching for a considerable time as if expecting the departure of a particular guest.

On perceiving the captain, he immediately drove up to him, tendering his services in a manner even more officious than is usual with members of his class. The Count, too much absorbed by his own thoughts to notice the man's face or manner, hastily gave him his address, sprang into the vehicle, and was soon engaged in a most pleasant reverie. In a few minutes the conveyance stopped at a two-storied, shabby-looking house in the great Sadovala. The Count alighted and was about to give the driver his fare, when, casting his eyes around, he angrily exclaimed:

"Why have you brought me here? I told you to go to St. Michael's square."

The man bent forward and whispered something almost inaudibly.

"An emergency meeting has been ordered for to-night. They have been waiting for you some time."

"What do I care about the meeting or its emergency?" answered the Count, annoyed at being recalled to a sense of disagreeable duty. "Confound politics, and conspiracies," he added turning on his heel.

The driver changed his tone, which became haughty and imperative.

"You must attend the meeting notwithstanding. Such are the orders; they must be obeyed, and you must submit without resistance."

The Count with difficulty repressed further manifestations of disobedience, muttering:

"A pleasant thing indeed to be subjected to this abominable slavery. And these people call themselves the apostles of liberty! Well, let us hope the great task will be ultimately accomplished."

He knocked in a peculiar manner at the door of the house, which was low and deeply let into the wall. He was at once admitted, and the door closing noiselessly behind him, all again became silent in the deserted street.

* * * * * *

The ball at the General's house was drawing to its close, the guests were fast disappearing, the orchestra was playing the last waltz. Prince Seniavine, who had retired to his private apartments, was hurriedly pacing up and down a large room on the ground floor of the mansion, overlooking the street. Presently he threw himself into an armchair, exclaiming with concentrated rage:

"Cowards! Vile assassins!"

And spreading out a crumpled sheet of paper he had been clutching for some time with a convulsive grasp, he read as follows:

"EXCELLENCY,

"The Government persists in waging against us a merciless, relentless warfare. The Nihilist Executive Committee have therefore resolved to give fresh proofs of vigor and tenacity of purpose. The innocent victims of your executioners and jailers must be avenged. We shall retaliate with utmost severity; without pity, without consideration of any description whatever. Your turn has come, Excellency, to receive the invariably merited punishment we inflict. And, as it is well known that in your case death possesses no terrors, it has been resolved that you shall suffer in that which you hold most dear on earth. Your daughter shall meet with death at our hands, and those whose orders you implicitly obey are alone responsible for her fate."

The General paused, rose from his chair, drew himself up to his full height and exclaimed:

"But what do they want, these incarnate fiends? They kill and destroy with blind stupidity; and why do they do it? What is their object? If they want changes, reforms, modifications, let them say so. We are desirous ourselves of keeping time with modern progress, but these monsters do their best to neutralize our efforts by committing atrocious crimes with diabolical ingenuity! What is their idea? What is their scheme? Why do they not expound it? But no! They prefer murder in its most appalling forms. Villains! They threaten to assassinate my child, but they forget I am here to protect her."

* * * * * *

While the foregoing scene was being enacted, about twenty men, severally representing almost every class of society, were assembled in a vast apartment in the house in the great Sadovaia. The room was sparingly furnished with a few rickety chairs, two deal tables and a dilapidated sofa. It was lighted by the dull flame of an oil lamp, which left the assembly in partial obscurity.

On one of the tables stood a samovar, or tea urn, with a few drinking glasses and some lumps of sugar in a cracked basin. In a corner of the apartment, a thin young man, shabbily attired, with long light brown hair hanging over the collar of a patched and threadbare overcoat, was writing with his left hand on a scrap of paper which rested on his knees. Close to him sat Count Lezczinski, his head thrown back, almost touching the wall, gravely watching the smoke of his cigarette as it curled slowly towards the ceiling.

The other members of the "Executive Committee," students, officers, tradesmen, doctors, peasants, were standing around in silent groups. A man, about forty years of age, his long beard slightly tinged with gray, was sitting at the unoccupied table reading with great attention several despatches written in cipher. Presently he raised his head and addressed the assembled brethren:

"Gentlemen, it is absolutely necessary, owing to the serious position in which we are placed, to exert our fortitude and powers of self-sacrifice to the utmost, to call into requisition an indomitable energy. The slightest weakness or hesitation might not only cause our own destruction, but would also involve the ruin of those who have confided to us their hopes and desires, who have placed their fate in our hands. We all hope we can rely on each other; but before we advance further on the dangerous path we have chosen, it would be better for those who are not perfectly sure of their own steadfastness of purpose—those who if ordered to strike might hesitate at the last moment—it would be better, I say, for such brethren, should any be present, to retire."

The silence remained unbroken. The speaker resumed:

"Let us remember that the slightest indiscretion will be punished by death, not only to the guilty or imprudent parties themselves, but also to their nearest and dearest relatives, because it is a well known fact that many individuals—government officials and others—fearless of destruction, have, in pursuing a certain line of conduct, made a voluntary sacrifice of their lives beforehand"—here the man paused for an instant, then he added, with a peculiar smile, "and it is thus that these contingencies have been provided for."

A dead silence continued to reign in the apartment.

"To-morrow," pursued the orator, "another high official shall receive at our hands the proper reward for the services he renders the government."

A sudden commotion manifested itself in the assembly.

"It is our master's order, and was recently delivered to me by Steven," said he, pointing to the pale youth sitting apart from the rest and hitherto engaged in writing, which occupation he had ceased in order to listen.

"It is for this reason you have been summoned here to-night," continued the president. "The names of all present shall be taken down, and, in accordance with our custom, chance shall decide who is to strike the blow to-morrow."

"More crime!" muttered the Count, with an expression of disgust on his countenance.

The president turned round sharply after hearing the interruption.

"Yes; more and yet more," he cried; "ever, while the struggle lasts. To-day we have chosen one of the Crown's most faithful servants; another time, we shall aim still higher. Human lives must be sacrificed as long as injustice is tolerated. What difference can a few existences, more or less, make to the population of our country? To-morrow we enter a new sphere of action. We will no longer attack exclusively the persons of our enemies themselves. By destroying those in whom they have centred their warmest and purest affections, we shall inflict heavier punishment, and perhaps force them to capitulate. This time it is a woman who must fall."

"A woman!" exclaimed the Count. "To attack a woman is an act of cowardice, and I had yet to learn that there were cowards amongst us."

"And our enemies," rejoined the other, "what have they done? Have they hesitated to transport, execute and torture in every conceivable way our wives, mothers, sisters? Have we not sworn to retaliate in like manner? I know it is atrociously cruel, but it must be done."

The young officer cast his eyes to the ground but answered not a word.

* * * * * * *

A few hours later, at eight o'clock in the morning, Count Paul Lezczinski knocked at the door of the General's house, and requested to see his host of the preceding night on a matter of urgent importance. He was ushered into a private apartment, the one we have already described, and in a few moments the General, who had not yet retired to rest, came to him with outstretched hands and words of hearty welcome. The Count, pale as death, bowed low in acknowledgment of the courteous reception, but made no verbal answer, nor did he accept the proffered friendly grasp. Surprised at such strange behavior, he only then became aware of the altered expression of his countenance.

"Good Heavens! what is the matter with you?" he cried. "Quick, tell me what has happened."

The Count sprang to his feet, drew a revolver from his pocket, approached the Prince and said in an agitated voice:

"I beseech you render me the only service which now lies in your power; take this, and blow my brains out."

The Prince seized the weapon, carefully placed it in his pocket, crossed his arms on his breast, and thundered in a brutally imperative tone of command:

"Explain yourself. I insist upon it."

Judging by his countenance, a desperate struggle now appeared to be taking place in the young officer's breast; love, honor, duty, were each striving for mastery. At this moment the door opened, and Olga, dressed in a long white robe and looking radiant as a sunbeam on a summer's morn, entered the room. On beholding his daughter, the General was inspired with a brilliant thought. Seizing her by the hand, he led her to the Count, whose agitation, increased, while he recoiled from the presence of the lovely girl as he would have done from some foul spectre.

"Olga," said the Prince, "this man loves you, and I believe he is not indifferent to you. A few hours since I authorised him to ask you to be his wife. At the present moment, without giving any reason, he positively refuses the realization of hopes which, only yesterday, he dared not even entertain."

"For pity's sake, say no more," interrupted the Count. "Relentless enemies have sworn to assassinate you. At any moment the threat may be carried into execution. They have sentenced you to death. You—an innocent, defenceless girl!"

"I know it," said the Prince calmly.

"And I also," added Olga, tendering the Count a note, the handwriting of which he instantly recognized. It was the scrap of paper on which Steven, the secretary of the Executive Committee had been writing during the meeting we have described. How it reached its destination was never ascertained.

"You knew it!" exclaimed the Count in utter amazement.

The General clasped his daughter for a moment in his arms, and pressed a kiss upon her brow.

* * * * * * *

It will be remembered that the room in which this conversation took place was on the ground floor and looked out on the street which was, to all appearance, deserted.

* * * * * * *

"But there is something you do not know," said Count Lezczinski after a pause, his face livid with suppressed emotion; "the hand which must carry out the sentence of the secret tribunal has already been designated—the assassin has been chosen."

At these words Olga drew closer to her father.

"His name? Do you know this man's name?" shouted the Prince, well-nigh beside himself with rage.

"I do."

"And—who is it?"

The Count paused for a few seconds, during which the silence was so intense, that the hearts of all present might almost have been heard to throb.

"It is I," said the officer in a hollow, almost unearthly voice.

"Scoundrel!" shouted the General; instinctively throwing himself in front of his daughter.

"Oh, Prince, fear nothing! Do you not see that I am crushed, annihilated by grief and despair?"

Again, for a short space, a solemn silence reigned in the apartment. The General broke it, addressing himself to the Count:

"You! a servitor of the Emperor, belong to this gang of murderers?"

"Pardon me, excellency, I have neither strength nor courage to discuss social or political questions. Besides, the time would be ill chosen. I can only say that I had pledged my honor——"

"Your honor!" cried the General harshly.

"Yes, my honor," replied the Count, who had somewhat regained his self possession. "I swore solemnly to defend a certain cause. I have prejudiced myself; I have become a traitor. Between humanity and love on one hand and my oath on the other, I have not hesitated an instant. By acting as I have done I have sacrificed my life. Ask me no more."

After a moment's reflection, the Prince said:

"You can, and ought to render the State an immense service. I will forgive all if you will only——"

"Prince, is it possible you can think I have fallen so low as to become a spy?"

The General twirled his moustache.

"True," he remarked. "But I will have every house in the town searched, until I discover this nest of ruffians."

"Be careful, sir," said the Count.

"I am a soldier, sir," rejoined the General.

"And a father," replied the officer.

These were last words he was destined to utter. A sharp report rang through the crisp morning air, two panes of the double windows were shattered, and the Count mortally wounded, fell to the ground. A bullet, discharged from a revolver of large calibre, entering the eye, had penetrated the brain. Death was instantaneous.

Olga, her white robe soiled with the blood from her lover's death-wound, sank fainting in her father's arms. Count Lezczinski had fulfilled his promise; he had sacrificed his life to save the woman he loved.

* * * * * * *

In the street, just outside the window, a young man with long fair hair hanging over the collar of a patched and threadbare coat, his cap pulled down so as to almost conceal his eyes, was walking leisurely away, muttering to himself:

"It can't be helped: he deserved it. I am certain he was denouncing us, and I did quite right. As for the girl, that must be postponed until to-morrow."

His soliloquy was interrupted by a powerful hand grasping his arm as he was crossing an adjacent street, while the gruff voice of a police soldier cried:

"Ah! ah! this capture makes some amends for the beastly night I have had to pass in the streets."

It was our friend of the preceding evening, who added:

"I have caught you this time, my young friend, and you shall not escape, take my word for it."

"Yes, I will, though," quickly rejoined the assassin. And before the police officer could prevent him, he took from the cuff of his coat a small globule about the size of a pea. This he thrust into his mouth with the rapidity of lightning, crushed it between his teeth, and in a few seconds fell writhing to the ground, clutching the snow and foaming at the mouth in the agonies of death. A powerful poison, known it is said only to the members of certain political societies, rapidly did its work, depriving the Nihilist Executive Committee of one of its ablest and most devoted servants.

* * * * * * *

Prince Seniavine never forgot the last words which were uttered by Count Lezczinski; they ever rang in his ears. He more than once felt inclined to resign his official position, although no subsequent attempt was made against his daughter's life. It is true that after the events just recorded, he was twice shot at in the public streets; but for that he cared little. The Princess Olga resolved to enter a convent, much against the wishes and advice of her friends. Her father, notwithstanding the grief such a separation would cause him, was not unwilling to give his consent, well knowing that within the walls of a monastic institution his daughter's existence would cease to be in peril.

Scientific and Useful.

STEEL BALLS.—Billiard balls of cast steel have been made and used successfully at Stockholm. They are hollow, and weigh about as much as the ordinary ivory balls. A lathe is used to turn them to perfect smoothness.

GLASS VS. WOOD.—A new warehouse in Paris has been built with glass floors. The initial cost is considerably over that of the ordinary floor, but, in view of the fact that toughened glass lasts much longer than wood, the experiment is likely to prove cheaper in the long run.

IN ITALY.—On Italian fire engines the hose is fitted with electric wires, by means of which the fireman working the nozzle can, on pressing the button so many times, signal to those at the pump to drive the water through at half speed or cut it off altogether, and so forth.

LIGHTNING.—Electricians say that there is no safer place during a thunder storm than a trolley car. This is undoubtedly true. The wires and car pole make the best kind lightning rods. Although the country is pretty well run over with electric cars now, we have yet to hear of a case where any passenger has been injured by lightning.

CORK ROPE.—A cork core floating rope has been designed. The inventor claims that this floating rope of one inch in thickness will stand a strain of more than 1000 pounds. The rope consists of a core of small round corks, about three-quarters of an inch long, placed end to end, round which is a braided network of cotton twine. This is surrounded by another layer of strong cotton twine, braided in heavy strands, which is about a quarter of an inch thick.

TRANSPARENT LEATHER.—The manufacture of transparent leather is now carried on by a new process. After the hair has been removed from the hide, the latter, tightly stretched upon a suitable frame, is rubbed with a solution of glycerine and numerous acids, and afterward placed in a room where the rays of the sun do not penetrate; it is then saturated with a solution of bichromate of potash. When the hide is dry an alcoholic solution of tortoise shell is applied to its surface, and the transparent effect is thus obtained.

Farm and Garden.

DAMPNESS.—Dampness injures corn fodder, and it is useless to leave shocks in the field unless the fodder can be used soon. Freezing of well-cured fodder does it no injury, but the fodder must be dry. If it gets wet it will soon deteriorate in value.

WIND MILLS.—Irrigation by the use of windmills is increasing rapidly. Throughout some portions of the West the windmills are reducing the liability of loss from droughts, and the Eastern farmers will find windmills worthy of their consideration for that purpose.

PURE WATER.—Our conventions consider almost every branch of the science of feeding stock, preparing, cooking, portioning it, and yet one of the most important items in the successful growing of animals is hardly mentioned, and that is water, and how to get it good, pure and clean to them.

SWINE.—When in winter pigs are watered but once a day they come from their beds steaming hot and very thirsty, and rush to the freshly pumped water; they drink too much, chilling themselves, and very often the result is congestion, pneumonia or other winter diseases to which pigs are liable.

SQUASHES.—Squashes for winter can be kept in the cellar on shelves, and, as some varieties can be kept in the cellar on shelves, and, as some varieties keep well during the winter, they should be plentiful for use during the cold season. The cellar should be dark, and the squashes handled carefully, so as not to injure them, and they should have small spaces between them, so as to not touch.

DRAINAGE.—Drainage is beneficial to most land to draw off water from the lower soil and admit the air, which increases the fertility. Such soil is always in better condition, early or late, for plowing and for plant growth. A good, long tile running toward the barn can be tapped for a tank for stock water, often, and give a clear, cool running stream all summer, even when the fields are dry and dusty.

ASTHMATIC TROUBLES and soreness of the Lungs or Throat are usually overcome by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant—a sure curative for Colds.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 726 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 30, 1895.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postoffice money order, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Matter of Health.

Probably no inconsiderable proportion of the ailments for which medical assistance is sought would, if it were possible to see deeply into causes, be found to take their rise from morbid states which are, on scientific grounds—and doubtless justly—deemed incurable. We are not about to suggest that there is any fallacy in this inference.

Mistakes may occasionally be made. It is inevitable that it should be so; but, on the whole, the art of "diagnosis" was never before so fully developed as it now is, nor the nature, habits, and causes of disease so well understood and applied as by the practitioners of our own day.

Nevertheless there is, we fancy, a fault, and, in its practical effects in the lives and happiness of the multitude, it is a very grave one. Because a patient suffers from an affection which is not amenable to the curative powers of medicine—as a science, an art, or a class of remedies—it is too hastily assumed that recovery—in the practical sense of "getting well"—is impossible.

It is true we cannot cure the disease, but is it impossible, or even unlikely, that we may cure the patient? Nature—by which we mean the power of health preservation or restoration possessed by the organism—will triumph over the morbid state and re-establish order where the processes of growth and function have become disorderly, if only we can arrange the surroundings in such fashion as to favor that procedure.

All arts pass through two successive stages of development before they reach their normal level and acquire the natural swing and momentum of progress. Just as every remedy is first vaunted as a specific, and then cast aside or allowed to fall into disuse as a failure, so medicine itself first professed to be able to do a great deal, and is now passing through a fog of doubt and distrust, in which scarcely any one dares to say that it will cure anything.

The glorification of what is called "pathology," or the science of disease, at the expense of "therapeutics," or the science and art of treatment, is nearly complete; and by-and-by perhaps we shall enter on a period in which medicine will be again remedial, and not find its highest, almost its sole glory in being diagnostic, or at best preventive.

Before this period is reached it will possibly be discovered that the cure of disease is not to be sought exclusively, or even principally, in the antagonizing of morbid states so much as in ordering the conditions of growth and repair in the organism with a view to facilitate the health-establishing or health-restoring processes of nutrition, and then striving to apply the principles of special development by directing the vital forces of the body through the mental and nervous systems into channels which shall conduct the organism forward, or, as it may sometimes seem to be, backward, to healthy modes of life and action.

To illustrate our meaning and cast the proposition into practical form, let us instance a group of maladies which has not as yet, so far as we are aware, attracted the attention it deserves. With the affections themselves everybody is, of course, perfectly familiar; but they have not been studied together in the connection which their character and cause, supposing our conclusions to be correct, would seem to suggest.

There are five critical periods or "crises" in life, each creating a special opportunity for the inception or development of disease—first, in infancy, when the child begins to feed on ordinary food; second, when the awakening of the self-conscious and its instincts occurs—an uncertain epoch, but often very early in the subjective experience; third, when "adolescence" commences—a term which is misleading, because it cannot be defined; fourth, a turning-point occurring either at marriage or somewhere about the commencement of a settled mode of life; and, fifth, the wane of the day, when the evening of life arrives, and when sudden night, or the prolonged and pleasant falling of the shadows, may usher in the beginning of the end, as the life has been morally and physically healthy, honest, and wise.

At each of these periods of change, the "constitution," with its stratified elements and equilibriated forces, psychical and physical, comes into play, and development is, for the moment at least, the prime factor of health or disease. If the nature is well grown and consolidated, and the forces are duly balanced, so as to constitute a coherent structure, not prone to "dissolution," or liable to be rent asunder by turbulent, because unsubdued and undisciplined, forces within, the epoch may be passed without difficulty; but, if the constitution is unstable and the energies are discordant, any form of disease may be developed, any sleeping dog may be aroused, any inherited evil may germinate, and mental and nervous derangements will be peculiarly prone to occur. Disproportionate development is one of the commonest causes of disease, showing itself in an organism which is, so to say, badly put together.

Something too much has been derived from the family of one parent, something too little from the other. Perhaps similarity in the two ancestral stocks has endowed the individual with some one element in excess, to the ruin of his life.

Occasionally an element essential to the physical, or the psychical, or the psycho-physical integrity has been omitted or repressed. Any one of a thousand faults may exist, and at one of the periods we have noticed these faults may become active sources of disturbance against which the artillery of the defender of health must be promptly and skillfully laid.

The class of cases to which we point cannot be cured by art—although they may be cured by Nature—unless they are treated directly for the fault of development instead of for the surface disorder or disease. Treatment aimed at the malady which arrests the attention and awakens anxiety nearly always fails, and discredits the art it represents. The practical aim should be to grapple with the evil of disorderly and defective development from which this surface affection sprang.

To fulfil this indication it will be necessary to study the deep faults very closely. Surface peculiarities are apt to be deceptive. For example, it is not uncommon to find evidence of activity when there is actually a deficiency of power. Those who have not forgotten the once-famous definition of "irritation"—namely, "a disposition to act without the necessary power"—will not be misled by this seeming energy.

A child may exhibit unusual quickness in learning, and yet have very imperfectly developed or relatively low and weak brain-power. Parents are often deceived by "cleverness" on the part of their little ones, with the result that they are kept at school and worried with lessons, or, which is even worse, taken away from school and allowed to fall into a state of cerebral atrophy, for want of proper stimulants to exertion side by side with healthy nutrition. In the same way, later on in life, the activity of special faculties or functions is simply taken to express a high development, whereas probably or possibly the parts of the organism on which these faculties or functions depend, or from which they spring, are really defective.

If any one system seems to be "overworked" by ordinary exertion, that is in itself an indication that the power of self-nourishment by which every part of the organism maintains its integrity is impaired, at least so far as the part which shows weakness is concerned. The obvious and rational remedy for this state of matters is special exercise to stimulate the laggard or weak part to work in such fashion that it may feed and grow strong, and a generous supply of the particular kind of food which the faulty or failing part of the organism requires for its nutrition.

We have not hesitated to treat this important subject somewhat technically, because we are persuaded that those of our readers who are really interested in the health of their children, and their own health, will readily bestow that thought on the matter which a just comprehension of the facts undoubtedly requires. We do not believe in the practical value of what is called "popularized" science—that is, a few facts dressed up with a great deal of fallacious nonsense, with a view to make them presentable to those who will not take the pains to understand what they read. If it be worth while to know anything of the laws of health, it is worth while to master such elementary principles of development as form the basis of those laws. Better far know a little well than more, but badly. No one ever yet learned a lesson of value without some trouble.

THE parent or the teacher who inflicts penalties as an outlet for his own impatience or displeasures is utterly incapable of the task he has assumed. The good of the school or the family, the good of the erring child—these motives, and these only, should prompt even the mildest penalty. With these objects held close at heart, the judicious parent or teacher will find so many other avenues open, so many other motives effectual, that punishment will be rarely needed, and only as a temporary resort.

THE worst ingratitude lies not in the hardened heart of him who commits it; but we find it in the effect it produces on him against whom it is committed. As water containing stony particles incrusts with them ferns and mosses it drops on, so the human breast hardens under ingratitude in proportion to its openness and softness and its aptitude to receive impressions.

ALL praise wrongly directed, or suggested by selfish motives, is an injurious element in society. It perpetuates much that ought to be repressed, it fills silly minds with vanity and egotism, it panders to some of the worst features of human character. Insincere flattery especially does this.

OUR moral culture is of the utmost importance. We had better be poor in fortune and sick in body than bankrupt in virtue and diseased in will. This is not fashionable doctrine, but it is true doctrine.

AMBITION takes hold of small souls more readily than of great ones, just as fire catches a hut more easily than a palace.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSTANCE.—Drop a little glycerine or sweet oil round it, and let it stand for awhile. You will find that the oil will make its way down between the stopper and the bottle, and free it, unless it is very securely wedged; sometimes it takes some hours.

Q. R.—The present Emperor of China assumed the reins of government in 1887. He is the son of the Seventh Prince, one of the brothers of the late emperor, who died without leaving a son, according to official report. The regent was the Empress Dowager, who was the second wife of the late emperor. She has never been seen by any European, and little is known of her. It has come to be believe that she is strong-minded, resolute and determined, and rules the empire according to her own caprices, consulting no one except the Seventh Prince, who is the first man as she is the first woman of the empire. Both are required to retire to private life when the heir comes of age and assumes power. However, everything is conducted so secretly in high official circles in China that we can be sure of nothing.

ARTHUR.—Your friend should furnish some statistics to bear out his assertion, that, with the increase of civilization the human skull in our day is growing smaller. We can hardly credit it. The helmets of the Greeks and the skulls of the Egyptian mummies prove that our heads are larger. As a rule, the heads of Northern nations—Danes, Germans, Scotch, English—are the largest. The Celtic head is not large; that of the Mongol and Tartar is round, and smaller than the others. The German and the American heads are the largest of all; the Scottish slightly longer and larger than the rest of the British. Power and capacity we believe generally go with the larger head, but not always. Goethe's and Thackeray's crania were large, but Voltaire's and Byron's, though relatively much smaller, had equal power. Phrenologists, therefore, have a caveat: a fool may have a large head, but he has not quality of brain. An interesting book has been published on British, Saxon, and Roman skulls, the capacity of which has been ascertained by filling the cerebral cavity, or brain-pan, with sand poured in.

J. M.—There is no worse or more certainly ruinous habit than allowing thoughts to drift and living in a world of one's own creation, conversing with the phantoms of the imagination. The description given of the habit and the state it has induced is a characteristic account of the evil practice and its consequences. We will not ask how it commenced. The small beginnings of these states are well known to those who have impaired their mental strength in this way; but it is useless to revert to this now. Simply glance back for one moment in order that you may assure yourself that you are not prolonging and aggravating the evil by perpetuating its original cause. As regards the present and the future, there is only one remedy. Set the mind a task of its own, and see that it is so engrossed with it that there is no time left for mental dissipation. Throw yourself with new energy into your business occupations, and let your thoughts be concentrated on these. For example, commit to memory during business hours the names, qualities, and uses of the articles of your stock, with the prices of each. Exercise your ingenuity in grouping them in classes, by material, the color, or some other practical feature, and make, as it were, a mind-book of the business. This will tax your power of application at first, but each day the task will grow easier, and in a few weeks you will find that you have not only formed for yourself a most useful record, but in the process strengthened your faculty of attention. You must not go about this task as a mere matter of form or loosely. It is essential to success that you undertake it resolutely and keep your mind to it. Do not use any pencil or paper. Try to accomplish the feat by memory alone.

ELVIRA.—In early times it was customary for sponsors at christenings to present their godchildren with spoons that were called apostle-spoons, because the figures of the twelve apostles were carved or chased upon the handles. Well-to-do persons gave the complete set, those not so well off the four evangelists, while the poorer class usually offered but one, which however exhibited the figure of the apostle or saint after whom the child was named. In Shakspere's Henry VIII. the King says to Cranmer, "My lord of Canterbury, I have a suit which you must not deny me; that is a fair young maid [the Princess Elizabeth] that yet wants baptism—you must be godfather and answer for her." His Grace responds, "The greatest monarch now alive may glory in such an honor; how may I deserve it that am a poor and humble subject to you?" Whereupon the King rejoins, "Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons!" And in a comedy by Middleton one gossip says to another, "What has he given her? What is it, gossip?" And the answer is, "A fair high-standing cup and two great postle spoons, one of them gilt." Even in the time of Dryden the practice of sponsors giving spoons at christenings was not obsolete. At the present day apostle-spoons are occasionally to be met with in curiosity-shops. In mediæval pictures the apostles are generally represented with special badges or accompaniments; St. Matthew has a hatchet, St. John a winged cup and a serpent flying out of it, St. Peter keys, St. Thomas a lance, St Simon a saw, St. Andrew a cross, St. James the Less a fuller's pole, St. James the Greater a pilgrim's staff and a gourd-bottle, St. Jude a club, St. Matthias a battle-axe, St. Philip a long staff the upper end of which is formed into a cross, St. Paul a sword, St. Bartholomew a knife.

LONGINGS.

BY W. W. L.

Oh, for the song of summer zephyrs,
Oh, for the breath of crimson roses;
Oh, for the odor of blue-eyed violets,
Oh, for the beauty that spring discloses.

Oh, for the sound of streamlets' laughter,
Oh, for the meadows' bloom of clover;
Oh, for the sound of robins calling,
And the white clouds sailing over.

Oh, for a ramble down where the lily
Danced in the summer sun like a fairy,
When love read the old, old story
From the sweet gray eyes of Mary.

Only a Smudge!

BY E. Y.

THE darkness of a winter's night was falling fast around an old gabled house in the beautiful lake district. Already the jagged peaks of Langdale Pikes had become indistinct, and soon they would vanish as completely as their brethren, while, except for the bitter wail of the wind and the creak and strain of swaying trees, no sounds broke the silence of the lonely hills.

The old house possessed numberless queer tales concerned with its thick walls and winding passages, and for many a long year now had been haunted by the sins of the past—whose dreaded headless shapes were believed in, and shunned by most about.

The present master was well on in years, and, though still hale and hearty, in all probability would not live many more years, and then—who was there but a slip of a girl, his orphan grandchild, to inherit alike his wealth and lands and all the traditions of the family?

Some said, but few believed them now, that the old man had no moral right to the place at all, for his father had been a younger son, whose elder brother, hot-headed, passionate, rash, had been disinherited for marrying a penniless girl, and on the day they married, the father, in unbridled rage, had willed all his possessions to the younger son, who took after him in many ways—certainly in being careful of his money—and far from persuading his father to alter his mind, had carefully fanned his wrath against the rightful heir, of whom little was heard afterwards.

That his young wife had died in a few years, and that he had gone abroad, was the sum total of intelligence that reached the old gabled house.

On the night young Mrs. Dane passed away, her old father-in law had a awful dream, and after that he just shrivelled up and died, and the unjust will placed, beyond the power of alterations, all the possessions in the hands of the younger son who, though at the time he had diligently scoffed and pooh-poohed his father's dream, yet lived to learn it was surely a message from the spirit land,

* * * * * *

The library was a cozy room, one much used by old Mr. Dane and his granddaughter, and now with a roaring fire and several lamps, with thick curtains closely drawn, they were chatting comfortably together. The old man seemed very restless, he could not sit still five minutes at a time, so that the answers to Olive's questions was rather jerky, but so interesting were the subjects to her, that sometimes she rose and joined him in his tramp about the room.

"What is that old rhyme you keep on muttering, grandfather, I never heard it before?"

"Likely not, likely not, and I don't know why it has got so into my head tonight, I can't keep it off my tongue—but there, child, there, it's nothing to do with you. Pray God it may never be anything," he whispered to himself.

Seeing he would not tell her, Olive began afresh:

"When will you give me the key of the ghost's passage? I want to see her myself, and you always said when I was grown up you'd let me try."

"Wan't to see her, oh! Good Lord, good Lord! what will she say next, and as for him being a her, why many say it is a man, no two ever say the same, except that they are always headless, poor creatures."

"Oh, grandfather, won't you tell me the story?"

"No, child, no. I feel very tired tonight, talking of these old tales would excite and trouble me. I wish I had done what Carter asked me to do last time he came—but there. it's not too late now. Give me a sheet of paper, and call in Barton and Mrs. Phipps."

How the old man's hands shook as he tried the nib of his quill pen against his thumb nail, and in what a scrawl were the few words penned written, then his signature was duly witnessed by the two old faithful servants, and, with a satisfied sigh, Robert Dane leant back in his chair.

"There child, I can't write more, dry it for me."

Before Olive could take it from his shaking hands, the sheet with the undried writing fell on the floor, and in haste she picked it up and passed the blotting paper quickly over it, and then by her grandfather's direction locked it up in his desk.

The servants had left the room, and when she turned from the side table where the desk always stood, she saw the old man had fallen asleep, and so deep was his slumber, that the dinner-gong failed to arouse him, and Barton in alarm came to see what was the matter.

"Best let him have his sleep out, Miss Olive, my dear," said rosy-faced Mrs. Phipps. "Come you and have your dinner while it's hot. Master mayn't wake for hours, and we'll soon get some soup hot when he does."

So Olive ate her dinner, chatting between whiles to old Barton, and commenting on the storm that was rising in angry clamor outside.

Still the old man slumbered on, and when Olive again bent over him, she called out in horror, for his face was all drawn down on one side, and his breathing was loud and hurried. With the coachman's help, they carried him to his bed, and put strong mustard to his feet and neck, but nothing roused him, and long before a doctor could be procured, still in the same deep stupor, as the clocks were striking eleven, the old man passed away.

* * * * * *

"Dear! dear! to think he should go first, why I thought he'd outlive me by many a year."

Mr. Carter's face was very lined and troubled, and he kept pacing up and down the library, the day after the funeral.

"Now, Olive, my dear, we must think of you, you can't live here all alone, you know, I wonder what we'd better do. Did your grandfather tell you his wishes?"

"Oh, yes, godfather, often. He said if I had Mrs. Phipps and Barton with me, I should come to no harm, and he hadn't a relation in the world that he knew of to look after me, but you were better than a whole tribe of connections would be. Oh! and he signed a paper too, just before he fell asleep, have you seen it?"

"Thank God! Many and many a time have I been at him to make it straight in black and white. What was on it?"

"I leave all I die possessed of to Olive Dane,' that was all, with his signature, for I was close beside him, and he didn't mind my seeing; he has told me again and again what I was to do about the property; the old servants, whose leases on the farms could be renewed, and all sorts of things."

The girl's voice trembled, but quietly she opened the desk and handed the lawyer the sheet of note paper.

In one moment his face had changed, the satisfied expression, so lately visible, died away in a great shock of surprise, and dismay stood out in every line and wrinkle; with a start he walked over to the window, and read and re-read the few words of straggling inky writing.

Olive's gaze seemed fascinated by his face, her eyes grew large and troubled as she noted the knitted brows and puzzled frown with which he pored over the few short words. What could be wrong with them? she wondered. A silence fell on the room, broken only by the coals in the fire dropping apart; then with a long sigh the old man faced about.

"Who put this paper in the desk, Olive, and when?"

"I did, directly I had dried it as grandfather told me. Why, what is the matter?"

"Wait a second, child. Did you lock it up? Think a minute, didn't you leave it on the table and forget it for awhile?"

"Grandfather held it out to me to dry directly Barton had put his name. I remember distinctly, it fell on the floor from his hand, and I rubbed the blotting paper over it, and locked it up in the desk at once, and when I turned round grandfather was asleep."

"Now child read this:

"'I leave all I die possessed of to Oliver Dane.'"

Again a silence fell as both stared fixedly at the altered name, altered how and when? But a half stroke to Olive's name, and instead of a wealthy heiress she stood a destitute girl.

"The one hope, the one chance for us is that there should be no Oliver Dane alive, and then perhaps if we can make it plain that you are the great great-grandchild of old Oliver Dane, we may set it all right, but it is a sad pity that it is, and I had urged him so to leave it all clear for you!"

Mr. Carter ruffled up his hair in perplexity, and tramped about the room.

"Grandfather always wrote my name with a little dash at the end, but I know he only put Olive, not Oliver; what am I to do?"

"Do! Why stay quietly here, of course; we've got first to find an Oliver, pray God we never may. We'll take no steps for proving that bit of paper until we know one way or the other, and I don't despair things 'll be all right yet."

* * * * * *

Far away, 150 miles from Natal, two or three white tents stood conspicuously out on the green Veldt; outside, round a fire, a group of Kaffirs squatted, enjoying their favorite snuff. For three days now they had been encamped here, whilst a fierce battle for life or death went on, unheeded by them, in one of the white tents.

Now the fight was nearly over, the strength quite exhausted, and to the tired eyes of the watcher beside that dying man, the end seemed very near.

"God bless you, Dane, for all you've been to me," had been the last conscious remark made by the poor swollen lips days ago, whilst still the little party were struggling bravely to reach Natal; then, as the disease made its rapid strides, it seemed cruel to move the poor fellow from his bed to the hastily improvised litter, and Oliver Dane had ordered a halt, and nursed his friend with untiring patience.

A doctor by profession, he had known for days what the end of the struggle would be, but from the weight of his own head, and the pain in his limbs, feared greatly that he should succumb before his friend actually died.

He never troubled himself to fancy what would happen then, or who would care for him, and indeed, for many hours now the effort to think at all was beyond him, and he could but struggle still to fight off the stupefying drowsiness that was yet winning at the end.

A week before, they had been passing through a native Kraal late in the day, when an awful storm came on, and the Kaffirs refused to proceed further that night.

It was not until the mid-day halt next day, that Dane gathered from the men's gossip that small-pox was simply raging in the encampment of last night, and two days afterwards his friend and comrade sickened, and now lay dying. His eyelids closed in spite of the resistance of his will, then opened with a jerk and shut again in deep, empowering slumber.

Swiftly the daylight faded, the shadows of night fell around, and the stars of God in countless brilliance looked down in peaceful calm on the pitiful earth scene below, but one of how many visible to their bright radiance!

* * * * * *

Olive found the old home very dreary in spite of all Mrs. Phipps' endeavors, and fretted sorely for her grandfather and his loving care.

From room to room she roamed with an ever increasing fear upon her, that after all the home she valued so greatly, and the dear familiar objects all about, would know her soon no more.

The old woman told her many a quaint tale of the past, and, amongst other things, of the the vivid dream that had impressed her great-great-grandfather so much, and of the old rhyme that had remained in his mind as a warning:

The number three shall always be
Sign of dread and woe to thee
Sorrows deep and shadows long
Who shall break the magic song?
Until in darkness comes a third
Rightful heir by blood and word.

Olive read for herself in church, how always since that far past time the number three had come in for the various deaths, and now there was yet another to be added to the list, for her grandfather had himself died on the 3rd of December, 1883.

Mrs. Phipps said there had been many and many a trouble and sorrow to bear besides—this had somehow always arisen, either on the 3rd, 4th, 24rd, 30th or 31st day of the month, and when the year itself held a 3, then nothing ever went well for long.

As for the headless ghost, she said that had appeared from the night when Oliver Dane had left his home for ever. In passionate anger at his father's threats, he had rushed wildly to his room and packed in desperate haste, then his door slammed with a loud and startling bang that sounded all over the quiet house, and before any one knew what had passed between father and son, he had gone never to return again.

That night, as the old man walked to his room, a headless figure, misty, indistinct, came slowly from the opposite end of the long, narrow passage, and then it was gone!

The master changed his room, but the story grew, and at last it was found advisable to close the wing and lock the door, and no one had been in that part now for years.

Olive took in the old stories with eager interest, and resolved in her own mind that some time she would try for herself.

One cold night in January, she sat and thought of recent events until she felt restless and excited. The days of her happy childhood came vividly before her, then the close companionship with her grandfather, and the sudden shock of his death, with all the sad details.

Again and again in fancy, she went over the writing of the paper, wondered if a loose hair or thread in the carpet could have altered the name, or if she had used a bit of worn-out blotting paper in her haste. That no one had tampered with it she felt certain, but who but herself knew where it had been placed?

Several times had Mr. Carter questioned her on the subject, but the mystery remained unsolved.

Of a sudden her desire to visit the ghost passage flashed into her mind, there was no time like the present—she would go at once.

The house was very silent for it was late, long after eleven, in her musings she had quite forgotten the flight of time.

Armed with a candle, matches, and the key which hung as usual on her grandfather's bunch, she went upstairs, turned the key in the closed door, pushed it open with some difficulty, and passed through, holding her candle high above her head. Dust was everywhere on floor and walls and hanging in long cobwebs from the vaulted ceiling above.

The passage was very narrow and of great length, the air was heavy and oppressive, and a damp, mouldy smell made her feel sick and faint.

Surely that is a figure coming slowly along with a light shining round her in the deep gloom of the gallery; hesitatingly and yet steadily nearer the figure approaches, headless as she had been warned so often the apparitions always were! A cold chill ran over her from head to foot, and just as something went squash under her trembling steps, and she almost screamed with fright, the heavy door swung to behind her, and the sudden draught extinguished her candle.

With hands stiff from fright she struck or tried to strike a match, but her fingers either shook too much, or in her flurry she tried the wrong side of the box and she could not light one.

Instinctively she backed from the dread Presence that might by now be so near her, fearing in another minute a clammy hand might grasp her, or a weird sigh sound in her ears, stumbled against the door, which was a swing one, and was safe on the other side, her curiosity more than satisfied, and with not the shadow of a wish remaining ever to behold that misty moving form again, come what might.

In haste she turned the key and shaking in every limb she descended the stairs, with many a backward glance; quicker and quicker went her feet, urged by that nameless dread and not until she had shut the library door, and sunk into one of the deep old chairs, did her fluttering heart grow quiet, and her mind begin to reason on what she had really seen.

A misty, moving figure slowly coming towards her, illumined by an unearthly light that only lasted a few minutes.

Oh! coward, coward, why had she not waited calmly its approach?

* * * * * *

February 12th.

DEAR OLIVE,

At last I can send you some news, but first let me state, I have shown the paper to some of the cleverest lawyers of the day, and asked them how they read it. One and all, quite laughed at me, they said the "Oliver" was so plain.

There are therefore two courses open to you, to contest the will, go into court yourself and fight for the possession, or for you to resign all claim at once and for-

ever, and come and be another daughter to me.

Most probably you will gain your suit, though all the long-buried past would have to be dug out, and the disinheriting business gone into—very unpleasant publicity for a girl of nineteen.

Then there is an Oliver Dane, the great-great-grandson of that hot-tempered old man who justly or unjustly deprived his eldest son of his birthright. The Oliver is an orphan and a doctor, said to be a clever man, and is at present traveling for his health somewhere in South Africa. That branch of the family seem to have had hard times, but in spite of all, they bear a good name, and have always been respected.

On hearing your decision I will write again; should you come to us, I must let this fellow know.

Your affectionate godfather,
W. CARTER.

This was the letter that greeted Olive one fine morning as she sat at her lonely breakfast. Over and over again she read it, feeling as if to leave the old home would almost break her heart, and as if death itself would be preferable to giving up forever the place and things she so dearly loved.

It was her grandfather's intention she should inherit after him. A stranger would have no interest in anything—what cruel fate had come upon her?

Ah! that was it—Fate—or should we not rather say in a higher, truer sense, the finger of God in his Almighty Providence setting a cruel wrong right.

In a minute, as the conviction flashed upon the girl that for her to resist and rebel was useless, she, a mere atom in the universe, clear as it had appeared before that old, old man, his vivid dream took shape and form.

A bright, weird light filled all that quiet room of long ago, and close beside the sleeping form a white-robed figure stood, with warning gesture and impressive power, and the echo of the quaint old doggerel, she now knew by heart, floated all around:

> The number three shall always be
> Sign of dread and woe to thee,
> Sorrows deep and shadows long
> Who shall break the magic song?
> Until in darkness comes a third,
> Rightful heir by blood and word.

* * * * * *

February 18th.

DEAR CHILD,

Your decision is a right one, I believe, about the property, but I am sorry you are so determined to be independent; however, young people will go their own way, now-a-days, and it happens oddly enough I know of a really nice old lady who wants a traveling companion—liberal terms and light duties—and I have arranged for you to have an interview with her next week, so please come here on Monday. I have advertised at once for Oliver Dane, for no one knows quite where he may be; Mrs. Phipps and Barton must take charge of the house until we know the new owner's wishes. I am writing them full instructions. All join me in love.

Your affectionate godfather,
W. CARTER,

* * * * * *

"'Dane'—did you say 'Oliver Dane' was advertised for?—pardon my interrupting you, but the name caught my ear."

"Don't mention it—we were but saying what a time this notice had been inserted for. Week after week, and month after month."

"Allow me," and the tall man who had risen so quickly from the comfortable chair in the club room, read the sentence for himself.

"Will Oliver Dane send his present address to W. Carter, Middle Temple, at once. Important news."

"A friend of yours?" hazarded one of the trio beside him.

"Ay, about the best fellow I know, poor chap. I'll go and see Mr. Carter at once. Good evening, gentlemen."

* * * * * *

"You say you found him quite unconscious beside his dead friend, and that it was touch and go he pulled through himself?"

"Yes, I shall never forget that evening, it was the saddest thing I ever saw. I learnt afterwards that it was only by the greatest self denial Dane was able to pay all the fees of his profession, and then his mother, whom he almost idolised, fell into a lingering illness that only ended with death. Then the long strain on an overtaxed frame would no longer be ignored, and he was ordered complete change of scene and rest. His friend, young Allen, a wealthy man, had a fancy for big game, and they had been quite a year traveling about when I came across them in their sad plight.

"When Oliver pulled round a bit, we had a lot of chat, and one night he told me that long ago his ancestors had been wealthy people, but his great-great-grandfather had married against his father's will, and been disinherited. That the disliked daughter-in-law only lived a few years and then died, but that waking suddenly on the night she passed away, after some hour's sleep, she told her husband that in her dream she had visited his old home, and delivered a message to his father; she could not remember all the lines, but one was to the effect that in darkness an heir should come, and the wrong be righted."

"Strange, strange how things come about in the little lives of men, against the Almighty's will. I thank you very much for your help, Mr. Austen, we are on the right track now."

* * * * * *

The crowded through train was rushing on. Brussels was left leagues behind, Basle was the next important stop, when all of a sudden the brakes were sharply applied, stopping the train with a jolt and a jar felt severely by many of the passengers, and the conviction of something amiss grew apace.

Olive Dane sat quiet in her corner, waiting for the next move, and wondered again as she had done over and over in the last few hours why her opposite neighbor sat so motionless, with his large eyes gazing dreamily out of the window, apparently lost in a world of the past.

Most men would have had their heads and as much of their bodies also as possible out of the window ages ago, when first the brakes are applied, but not even an air of curiosity appeared on his plain face—plain—well, any face with such swollen features would look plain, but there had been a time when no one would have used that word to describe her fellow passenger.

A guard flung wide the door, and ordered them all to alight at once, then hurried on to another carriage.

Olive and her old lady, who had been sound asleep when the train stopped, were out of the carriage in no time, though as a rule, Mrs. Chirp took a good while ascending or descending from a compartment. A feeling of anger and contempt filled the girl's mind as she noticed their fellow-passengers did not offer to assist them in any way, and it was an awkward step to the level of the ground.

"Bear," muttered Olive under her breath, as she saw her vis-a-vis stand up and begin feeling for something in the rack; then in the confusion around she forgot him for a bit.

The bearings of one of the wheels had got over-heated, and the carriage caught fire, which had spread with awful rapidity; several carriages were already alight, the one they had left being quite the worst, for dense smoke was coming up between the boards of the floor, and bright little flames were shooting out in all directions.

"All out, of course," one Englishman remarked to another, "and none too soon either."

A dreadful doubt flashed over Olive's mind. In haste, she turned, and pushed her way to the door of their compartment; a dark figure standing as she had left him, quickened her fears.

"Make haste, sir," she called; "don't you see the flames? What madness to linger!"

"I am blind, and I can't find the door—I but tried to find a small bag of importance and then could discover no opening, perhaps the smoke bewildered me."

"For God's sake, give me your hand, and hurry! All the people are busy trying to prevent the fire spreading and emptying the luggage vans. Now then, three short steps, and one long one, and you will be on the ground."

The smoke was stifling, and it seemed hours to Olive before she got her helpless charge safe out of reach of the flames, which darted eagerly after him, as if hungry for their prey.

"I cannot thank you—to whom do I owe my life? I must seem very stupid to you, but I have not been blind long enough to be independent."

"My name is Olive Dane."

"Dane! why that is queer—mine is Oliver Dane. It was my mother's likeness I tried to save. Well, most things go from me; I seem to have been born under an unlucky star."

"Found at last!" exclaimed Olive. "Mr. Carter will be glad; why, we are cousins!"

* * * * * *

The sunset splendor of a summer's sun was gilding Langdale Pikes with a lovely light, so beautiful that two pedestrians stood still in their steady tramp to watch the golden glory fade.

"Yes," continued the elder man, pointing to an old, old house. "I little thought to see such good come out of apparent evil, when my old friend died so suddenly; it seemed such a mess all round."

"Well, you found Dane all I told you, and more, didn't you?"

"He is a good fellow; and a happier couple you'd go far to find, a power for good all about. When you think how at one time trouble after trouble fell upon him—mother, health, friend, sight, profession, all taken from him, that he should have come out of it all so perfectly happy and contented, speaks well for the sterling worth of the man. And Olive has had her trials, too, poor child; but there! I get prosy. Did you ever hear the end of the ghost?"

"No, I left England again after the cousins' marriage, and no news has reached me since."

"Well, you know all about the train being on fire, but perhaps you never heard that Olive wouldn't tell Oliver of his new possessions; said she wanted to know him better; and I was the proper person. When I arrived on the scene, the two were great friends, and he refused absolutely to usurp Olive's rights, for he said her grandfather had intended her to have the place, and so she should.

"There is no saying how the matter would have been settled if, in turning over some old papers, I had not come upon the will of the first Oliver Dane, who built the house, etc., and I found there it was left absolutely and forever, to heirs male; daughters could not inherit. A portion, and an ample one, was to be their dower. This settled the affair once and for all, but then I got a hint from Mrs. Chirp to bide a bit, and hold my tongue, and soon after came Dane's letter to me, saying both were going to take possession. The first night they came down here they went together to the Ghost's passage, and, rendered brave by her husband's presence, Olive ventured along the narrow vaulted corridor.

"Two misty figures came to greet them, but as they went further down the passage, the ghosts suddenly disappeared, and when they reached the poor son's room, right at the end, the mystery was plain, and very simple.

"An old convex glass hung loosely from the wall above the door, with a three-cornered piece cracked and gone right down the middle, and the ghosts of the wing were the reflections only of those who visited the gallery; the violent slam of the disinherited son's door had not only broken the glass, but shaken it roughly from its proper place, and freed it from the thick curtain of dust that for ages past had covered it over in its exalted perch. The floor was a moving mass of black beetles.

"And so the ghost was laid, the old doggerel played out, and all is well.

"Dane not only came in darkness, but is the third to inherit since his grand-father's time, and though Olive dislikes the number '3' in any form, no harm has happened since to keep up the old superstition."

In Sunny June.

BY J. L. B.

LIONEL FORBES sat in the arbor smoking. All around him lay the sunlit garden, bounded by a low fence, beyond which swept the curve of the white road, which ran under the shadow of a towering tor. It was a hot afternoon, and save for the incessant buzz-z-z of the drowsy bees, and the soothing murmur of a pleasant little stream that purled along on the other side of the dale, there was not a sound to be heard. The little picturesque cottage, even, seemed to be asleep, and the breeze had not sufficient strength to flutter the muslin curtains at its quaint, open windows.

Lionel puffed lazily at his old briarwood pipe, and went back dreamily in thought to the day of his arrival at Park Vale.

He had come to Derbyshire ostensibly on a walking tour; but, arriving at Park Vale—I withhold the real name of this delightful little village because I want it to remain uninfested by tourists—and discovered that a trout stream ran through it, and reflected that angling was an occupation more suited to the intensely hot weather than tramping over miles of dusty road, he decided to remain in this restful haven for a few days, and enjoy its beauty and repose. Besides this, he suddenly remembered that an old chum of his had recently obtained a curacy at Peaktown, a mile away, and on the afternoon of his arrival he decided to look him up.

Geoff Barry was naturally delighted to see his old friend. In this little out-of-the-way spot (which was ten miles off the railway route) one was almost entirely cut off from all communication with the outer world, and the advent of a stranger, particularly if he came from London, was hailed with great joy. But when the stranger happened to be an old college associate with whom one could talk over the days which they had spent together at King's, and the present doings of men of the particular "set" to which they had belonged, the joy was greatly enhanced, and the young clergyman's only regret was that a room could not be found for Lionel Forbes in the house where he was lodging.

"But I'll tell you where you can stay," he said, as the two men walked down to the garden gate, "and that's the Dale Cottage, half a mile from here. You must have passed it as you came up from Peak Vale; an idyllic little place, with thatched roof, and rose covered porch, and a lawn in front with a cedar in the centre."

His friend remembered seeing it.

"But it doesn't look like a place where one could get rooms," he demurred.

"I daresay not; Mrs. Leslie, the landlady, is a very refined woman of gentle birth, and she keeps the place very dainty. As a matter of fact, she is the widow of a great speculator, who made a fortune, and lived in fine style at one time, but came to smash after a bit, as so many of them do, and died of heart disease just at the right moment, leaving his wife and daughter to face the angry creditors. After things were settled they came down here, and the mother eked out her scanty income by taking in summer lodgers, while Miss Leslie teaches Lord Featherstone's twin girls. In the winter she goes up to the Hall, but during the warm weather they come down to the cottage. You'll find her a most charming girl," added Geoff, coloring slightly.

So Lionel thanked his friend, and retraced his steps until he reached the idyllic little place with the rose colored porch. There he paused, and, after satisfying himself that this was Dale Cottage, walked up to the front door (which stood invitingly open) and rank the bell. Scarcely a moment had elapsed before a small handmaid, her red cheeks shining and her smooth hair adorned with a cap, appeared at the open glass door leading to the back garden, and asked him to step within. Lionel obeyed, though he glanced with some compunction at the marks of white dust which his boots left on the smooth red tiles. In another minute he was bowing to a middle-aged lady, with a gentle, composed face, who quietly asked him if he wanted rooms.

"Yes," said Lionel, smiling frankly, "Mr. Barry, my friend, recommended me to come here."

Mrs. Leslie smiled. "Ah! then will you come this way, please?" she said, leading the way upstairs.

The rooms which were to be let were very small, but tastefully furnished, and odorous with flowers. From each window was to be obtained a view of the road, with the picturesque stream bordering it, and the tors rising up, grey and jagged above. Lionel decided that he was in luck's way, and when he had had his tea, which the little maid spread out on a round table pushed close to the open casement, he told himself that he should be quite content to spend the rest of his days in this lovely spot.

The sun was beginning to sink slowly in the west, when Lionel, having decided to go for a stroll, walked out into the sweetly smelling garden. As he neared the gate he saw that a girl was standing there who, perceiving him, drew back gracefully to let him pass.

She was rather small and slender—indeed, in her simple pink frock, with the carelessly tied black ribbon round her waist, she looked almost a child, until she turned her head, and discovered a sweet, thoughtful face, upon which trouble had already set its mark in an expression of unusual gravity for one so young. Her soft, brown hair lay in pretty curls on her forehead, and Lionel, who was a particularly observant man, noticed that on the third finger of her left hand, which rested upon the gate, she wore a simple engagement ring.

He raised his cap,

"I am the new lodger," he said, "and I think you are Miss Leslie."

The girl smiled—a charming, spontaneous smile.

"Yes," she said simply. Then added: "I hope you like your rooms?"

"I could not help doing that, they are so pretty," Lionel said with enthusiasm. "Indeed, everything is pretty about here."

He glanced round at the landscape, but his eyes came back to her face.

"Yes," said Miss Leslie, "and this is such a beautiful country. I never thought, before I came here, that any part of England could be so lovely."

"You have not traveled much, I suppose?"

"Not very much in England. Are you going to stay here? You will have good fishing."

"Yes," he answered. "I am looking forward to that. The trout seem very plentiful."

She made no answer, and as there seemed to be no excuse for saying anything more, the "new lodger" remarked that he was going for a little stroll, raised his cap again, and wished her good evening.

And he felt that the girl's eyes followed him down the road, while the remembrance of her face certainly accompanied him all the way.

* * * * * *

Lionel Forbes sat, as has been said, in the arbor, his thoughts going back to the day of his arrival in Peak Vale. Then he had only intended his stay to be of about a week's duration—it had extended to four. He told himself irritably that he ought to be going; his mother was beginning to ask the reasons for his prolonged stay in such a retired little village, and himself felt that it was not very wise to remain any longer under the roof that sheltered Mary Leslie.

At first he had seen very little of his landlady's daughter, for Mary was too proud to force her company upon her mother's lodgers. Although not ignorant of the fact that she was pretty, she was not vain enough to think that everybody wanted to know her for that reason. Perhaps, too, the troubles which she and Mrs. Leslie had gone through had helped to make her reserved, and beside all this, what with her teaching and other manifold duties, she had not much time to spare for cultivating intimacies with people whom, when once they had left Dale Cottage, she was not likely to meet again.

But somehow Lionel Forbes managed, after a while, to get on very friendly terms with her. For one thing, they speedily discovered that they had many likings in common, also that they had visited the same places on the continent, also that they had a mutual friend in a dear old lady whose wit and benevolence had made her very popular in London society. And then, too, Mary was exceedingly fond of hunting in all sorts of inaccessible corners of glens and tors for ferns, and as Lionel suddenly discovered that he had, likewise, a mania for the same thing, it became necessary for Miss Leslie to accompany him on several walks, that she might be able to show him the places where the best specimens were to be found.

And now Lionel Forbes told himself that it had all been a mistake, for do what he would he could not feel happy in the possession of Miss Leslie's friendship alone; he was obliged to confess that he wanted nothing less than her love. And that, of course, was impossible, for was not she irretrievably bound to another? Barry had told him that—poor Barry, who was nearly as bad hit as himself—and the ring on her left hand proved beyond a doubt that it was true.

Lionel roused himself from his lounging position and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. He was preparing to leave the arbor, when he caught sight of Mary emerging from the porch, with her pupils on either side of her.

They came down the path, their arms linked lovingly together, and at the gate, which was near the arbor, they all paused. The governess cart from the Hall could be heard bowling down the road.

"Now good bye, children," he heard her say; "don't forget to learn your lessons, and, remember the picnic!"

"Do you suppose we would forget that, you dear old thing?" with which very irreverent words the oldest girl flung her arms round her teacher's neck, and kissed her effusively.

"You are so very, very pretty," she added with refreshing candor.

"Muriel, you silly child!" said Mary, shaking the little girl laughingly, while the color deepened in her cheeks at the outrageous compliment, which, because so evidently unpremeditated, was so sweet to hear.

"Now you've kissed her four times!" said Muriel's sister with an injured air.

"Well, dear, I'll kiss you six to make up for it!" and Mary released herself from one pair of clinging arms to be instantly enveloped in another.

At this moment the governess cart drew up at the gate, and the children jumped inside, and away they went down the vale, their bright hair glistening in the sunshine, while Mary watched them till they rounded a bend in the road, and were lost to view. Then she turned to go into the house again, vainly trying to smooth her ruffled hair as she went.

"Don't go in yet!" said Lionel, following her through the little conservatory.

"Oh!" she cried, "I didn't see you! I was talking to Muriel and Vera."

"You spoil those children!" he said with mock severity.

"Oh, no; you couldn't spoil them; they are too good. But they are very fond of me."

"Everybody is."

Her eyes dropped. Then she said, laughing:

"How well you seem to know! By the way, Mr. Forbes, will you go picknicking with us one day next week?"

"Next week?" he repeated slowly. "I shall not be here then."

Mary caught her breath, but she answered steadily, "Are you, then, going away?"

"I must," he said; "at least, I have come to the conclusion that I have been idle long enough. I feel ashamed of myself when I remember how busy you always are."

"But it is different for me."

"Yes, so far different that you ought not to work at all."

"But is not everyone happier when they have something to do?"

"I suppose so; yet what will you say if I tell you that I never did a stroke of work in my life? I was born with what people call a 'silver spoon' in my mouth, and plenty of money to spend."

"But you are taking a holiday now; after it is over, you will work. Mr. Barry says that you write sometimes."

"Ah, Mary," said he, taking both her hands, "and why should I write any more? Who cares whether I succeed or not?"

"There is your mother," said the girl, softly. "And I—I, as your friend, could not but be glad if you achieved any fame."

"If only—if"—began Lionel, and then stopped abruptly and walked away.

And Mary, standing where he had left her, stood, with bent head, moving the little ring up and down her white finger.

"Ah, Dick," she murmured to herself, "I am afraid I don't care for you as I fancied I did when I was a silly girl of seventeen. Oh, if you could only come back, perhaps your presence might make me braver. Though whatever comes, and however hard it may be, I will keep my faith with you."

* * * * * *

Three days later, Lionel, coming down the stairs of Dale Cottage, set down his portmantua in the hall and knocked at the school room door. There was not a sound to be heard. It was Saturday, and the children had a holiday.

Receiving no reply, he gently opened the door, and at first perceiving nobody there, was about to withdraw, when he caught sight of Mary crouched on the window seat, her frame shaking with sobs. For one wild, happy moment he thought, "she is crying because I am going away;" then his eyes fell on a thin envelope bearing foreign stamps, which had fallen to the ground, and he instantly surmised that she must have had news of her lover.

While he was wondering whether he should go or stay, Mary lifted her face from her hands, and rose with a startled exclamation. As she did so, a ring rolled from her lap to the floor.

Lionel closed the door and went forward.

"Forgive me," he said, taking her hands, "I did not mean to intrude, but I am going away, and—ah! I can't bear to see you crying; wont you let me try to comfort you? Am I not your friend?"

The girl drew herself up and checked her tears.

"I am crying more from gladness than anything else. I have been released from—a promise which—I should have found it very difficult to fulfil, that is all."

"What promise? Your promise to marry Mr. Henderson?" he demanded boldly.

She colored vividly.

"It is that," she said shyly. "Dick—Mr. Henderson—is going to marry someone else. Dear old Dick! As he says, we were neither of us old enough to know our own minds three years ago, and he mistook the affection of a brother and sister for that of—for another kind," finished up Mary. "Now he has met the right girl, an American, and——"

"And at last I have a right to tell you how much I love you. Mary, tell me, is it only as a friend that you care for me?"

She turned her eyes away with a troubled look, but she did not bid him go. And he, turning her sweet, tearful face to his, read all that he wished to know in her happy smile.

A DREAMER'S DREAM.

THERE is something decidedly pathetic, as well as something humorous, in the blind persistency of persons who, having conceived some desperately original notion, make it a grand dream which they strive all the rest of their lives to realize.

One might suppose there were plenty of recognized grooves in which ambition could run nowadays; yet, from time to time, there crop up the inevitable persons who, sane and practical enough in other respects, go on hugging to themselves a more or less crazy ambition which, it seems obvious from the outset, can never be attained.

The startling persistency of the man who wasted his days and brains in trying to reverse natural laws and make water run uphill voluntarily, is so well known as to need no comment. There are persons whose ambitions take even a more fantastic shape than this, and with as remote a prospect of realization.

Very odd was the ambition of a Surrey gentleman, whom the writer knew slightly some years back. He was rapidly acquiring a fortune in horticulture, when the idea seized him to produce a carnation that, like the imaginary flower in Dumas' romance, should be perfectly black in hue. Such a hold it laid upon him that he soon lived with no other purpose than to make elaborate chemical and grafting experiments. He succeeded eventually in squandering all his money, but he never produced a black carnation.

It is difficult to believe there was not a vein of distinct insanity in the consuming ambition of a person who spent the greater port of his life in trying to find his "double," i. e. a man who should be the exact physical counterpart of himself.

The notion that such a person existed, and that he should succeed in finding him sooner or later, had taken firm root in his brain. To come face to face with that double before he died was the dream of his days, and one that, so far as the writer has heard, he never relinquished.

Keppler, the clever physician of Hamburg, was certainly a man of intellectual gifts and brilliant social prospects; but he possessed one dream in life only, and that of the oddest description. Not the least curious point about this, and about similar cases of eccentric ambition, is that, even had he realized it, he stood to gain nothing personally.

His grass took a somewhat ghastly form. He believed that it was possible to arrest death at what seemed the last moment of life, and to hold it at bay for an indefinite period, so that the bodily functions should have time to recuperate. His method was to hypnotise (whenever practicable) a patient who should be on the point of expiring, and, removing the influence after a given period, to see the result. Complete failure after failure met him, but he persisted in his efforts, to the detriment of his professional pursuits, until death suddenly overtook the man who had schemed for years to resist it in others. Decidedly original was the aspiration of a woman, who, having seen the inside of a hundred and sixty-three separate jail cells, gravely confided to a prison warden on the last occasion that she should go on until she had broken all records in this respect.

But perhaps as extraordinary a distortion in the way of ambition as any known, was that shown by a furrier of Northamptonshire some time back.

Darwin's theory of development had fascinated him. What he hungered to know was, not if the theory was correct, but simply how long it would occupy for a human being in primitive conditions, to deteriorate to the level of the ape. To ascertain this by personal test became his absorbing dream, and in the end he concocted a wild scheme.

Eluding the vigilance of his friends, he worked a passage to Brazil, and there in the virgin forests, for some weeks lived, to all intents and purposes, a life in common with the apes. Tiring at length, he returned home; but the crazy ambition was too strong, and he repeated his freak twice afterwards—disappearing altogether on the third occasion.

Beware! Testing Borax Soap is not an imitation. It is original. The only soap that floats, contains Borax and is 100 per cent. pure. It is worthy a trial. Every lady who tries it continues its use. Red wrapper.

At Home and Abroad.

The consumption of tobacco in its various forms shows a steady increase. Last month, according to Government reports, there were manufactured in this country 365 762 667 cigars, 305,150 360 cigarettes, 22 057 443 pounds of tobacco and more than a million pounds of snuff. This was an increase over the production during the same period last year of nearly two million cigars, half a million cigarettes, and one and a half million pounds of tobacco.

Two fine horses belonging to a rancher of Mason Valley, Nev., were killed in an odd way recently. The owner was leading them to water, and for convenience had tied the two halters together. The horses shied at something, broke away from the man, and started off at a wild gallop. After racing a few hundred yards they ran one on either side of a cottonwood tree, the halter struck the trunk, and the horses were brought up so suddenly that both their necks were broken.

It is only natural that the North Pole should received attention at the hands of the world's geographers who are to meet in convention in London on the 28th instant. It invariably gets more attention than any other part of the earth's surface. The geographers, however, propose to avoid any imputation of partiality in the Pole business by advocating another expedition to the South Pole, or as near to it as it may be possible to get. This will certainly be a relief; for the North Pole has already received more notice than it is worth, and this at the expense of its foggy southern sister, which latter has for many years been sadly neglected.

A Bangor, Me., pastor, at a fair, invited all the people of the parish to contribute something for a mammoth "grab-bag," and it was a most varied collection of goods that was gathered. On the second evening of the fair a respectable citizen, imbued with the spirit of doing good in the church, paid the fee and grabbed. A crowd collected about him, all anxious to see what he had drawn, and his surprise may be easily imagined when he found he had a note with the following inscription: "Good for one grave, dug any time during the ensuing year. John Spader." The village grave digger had put in his gift with the rest, and the respectable citizen had chanced upon an unusual bargain.

The Department of State has been officially advised of a rise in the price of drinks in the Mosquito country, the Nicaraguan Government having established warehouses of its own for the sale of native spirits. The next announcement from this quarter of the globe may contain news of a popular uprising and the threatened overthrow of the powers that be. South Carolina has narrowly escaped an insurrection over the State dispensary business, and the more testy Nicaraguan temper cannot reasonably be expected to submit in patience to the same fantastic business. Short of civil war, the only possible way in which the oppressed Mosquitoes can recoup themselves will be to add a finger or two to the size of their drinks.

Dr. Theodore R. Timby, who at the age of 19 invented the revolving turret, first used on the Monitor, lives in Chicago, and, in spite of his seventy-three years, is hale and hearty. He was born on a farm at Dover, Dutchess county, New York, on April 5, 1822. On his father's side he is of French origin, the ancestral name being originally Timbra. His mother came from New England. The idea of the revolving turret was suggested to him one day when he was passing Castle Williams, on Governor's Island. He asked himself why it wouldn't be possible to put such a structure on a pivot so that it could point its guns in every direction. He at once made a model of his idea, and the result was the famous revolving turret. He has also invented many other useful devices, among them the American turbine wheel.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

BY L. A. C.

IT may not be very pleasant to have the measles; but when one sees quite well again it is pleasant to hear the doctor say with a smile, "I think a little change of air is all we want now," and instead of going back to the school room, one's lessons are put away and one's box is packed, and off one goes to spend a month at Silverdale Farm.

Poppie Penn thought it pleasant even before she started on her journey; and she thought so more than ever by the time her holiday was over. For if she had never gone to Silverdale, she would never have seen Jane Anne; and if she had never seen Jane Anne, she would never have learned all the curious things that flowers do, and what the birds say, and how the chickens are fed, and a lot of other things.

The first time Poppie saw Jane Anne was the morning after her journey, when she was standing by the window in her nightgown watching the fowls in the yard below. As she stood there laughing at the old hens quarreling, there came into the yard an odd looking girl with very thin legs and very large feet, and a face like that of Poppie's penny Dutch doll; she was dressed in a blue striped frock, and wore a curious white cap on her head; and she scattered grain to the fowls for their breakfast. Then a voice called—"Jane Anne!"

"Comin', ma'am," replied the girl; and then she disappeared.

"What a funny looking girl!" thought Poppie.

When Poppie was dressed, and was running downstairs, she saw the girl again, carrying a bucket of water into the hall.

"This is Jane Anne," said Mrs. Blossom, the farmer's wife; and Jane Anne smiled shyly and curtseyed. Then she kneeled down and began to scrub the floor.

After that, Poppie grew to know Jane Anne very well indeed, and they became great friends; she liked her even better than she liked Lucy Blossom, although Lucy was so pretty; but then Lucy was more grown up, and had not so much time to talk to little girls.

Jane Anne was one of the orphans at the Orphanage in the village, and she came to Silverdale to work every morning. A lot of work she used to do, too. Mrs. Blossom often said she did not know what she should do without her; and when more lodgers came and the house was full, she was as busy as a bee.

But she was never too busy to talk to Poppie, and tell her wonderful things. She told her that the little pimpernel is the poor man's clock, because it shuts its flower when the sun is gone; that inside blue periwinkles one can find little painters' brushes; that when the pea-hens call so noisily they are saying "Come back! come back!"

She showed her how to make daisy chains and rush whips; which things were all new to the little town girl. And Poppie followed Jane Anne about everywhere, and watched her at all her work—at the feeding of the chickens, the washing of the dairy with milk to make the stone slabs such a beautiful dark color, the scrubbing of the hall every day to keep the boards white as wood could be, the picking of the fruit, the shelling of the peas, and many, many things besides. And Poppie was happy as the day was long.

One morning when Jane Anne reached the farm she was very much excited, and she told them all that there was to be a treat at the Orphanage next day; all the orphans were to be driven off in large wagons to the sea shore, where they were to spend a long, happy day.

"And are you going as well?" asked Poppie, who had been listening to the talk.

"No, miss," said Jane Anne quietly; "I've got my work to do."

There was silence for a few minutes; then Mrs. Blossom said, "No, I'm afraid I couldn't spare you, Jane Anne; you see, there's so many lodgers now, and they make a deal of work."

"Oh, do let her go, Mrs. Blossom!" cried Poppie; "I'll do her work. I know how everything is done. Do, please, let her go!"

Mrs. Blossom laughed and shook her head. But Poppie pleaded so hard for her little friend's holiday, that at last good-tempered Mrs. Blossom said—

"Well, yes; you may go, Jane Anne, and we'll do the best we can without you for a day.

Jane Anne's eyes fairly danced with joy, and she thanked Mrs. Blossom and Poppie for their kindness, until one would have thought they had given her a whole month's holiday, instead of a day.

Next morning Poppie rose very early; but as everyone was busy, and no one had thought any more of her promise to do Jane Anne's work, they took but little notice of her.

But by-and-bye, when they came to do Jane Anne's work themselves, behold! some one had been before them.

"Who fed the fowls?" cried she.

"Who fetched the sticks?" cried another.

"Who pumped the water and picked the peas?"

Then suddenly they caught sight of Poppie, and they all began to laugh, there was the little girl, looking very hot and untidy, and struggling with both hands to carry a big bucket of water. She blushed still hotter when she saw all eyes turned on her.

"I said I would do Jane Anne's work," she explained.

"And what are you going to do now?" asked Lucy.

"Scrub the hall," replied Poppie.

At which they all laughed again; but Lucy shook her head.

"You couldn't do it, missie."

"Do let me try," pleaded Poppie; "I know the way."

And Poppie was such a pet with them all that after a long time Lucy agreed to let her do half.

So down on their knees they both went, and oh, how Poppie worked! She scrubbed three planks and Lucy four. Rubbing, rubbing to and fro, all down the long boards, till the little girl's arms ached, her cheeks grew hotter still, and her hair fell into her eyes. But she did her task well, working her way all down the big hall without shirking a bit; and if Poppie's three planks were a shade darker than Luck's four, it was not from lack of trying.

Late that evening Jane Anne, looking very sun-browned and happy, ran from the Orphanage to the farm to tell them what a splendid day she had had, and to thank them for allowing her to go.

"And we've managed capitally," said Mrs. Blossom, smiling good-temperedly; not a thing went wrong; and who do you think you've got to thank? But, dear me! there's the little missie herself."

And, looking up, they saw Poppie creeping down the stairs. She had heard Jane Anne's voice, and had slipped out of bed to come and hear how she had enjoyed herself.

"Here's the little fairy who has been doing your work," laughed Lucy.

"Not quite all, Jane Anne," explained Poppie; "I only did half the hall; Lucy did the big half."

"Oh, thank you Miss Poppie, I'm sure," said Jane Anne, beaming with gratitude. "I've had ever such a splendid day, and—when you're a grown-up young lady, miss, I'll come and be your servant."

"Deary me!" cried Mrs. Blossom; "I'm thinking that Miss Poppie won't be wanting any servant; she's able to do all the work herself."

And laughing heartily at her joke, she hurried the little girl back to bed.

So when Poppie went home from Silverdale Farm after her holiday was over, they found that she had not been so very idle after all; for the number o things she had learnt from Jane Anne was very large, although none of them were to be found in her own lesson books; and she looked so strong and sun-burned, in spite of her hard work, that the doctor declared he should send her to school at Silverdale Farm again.

DOGS WHICH RENDER ESCAPE IMPOSSIBLE.—The convicts in the State Prison at Huntsville (Texas), are guarded while at work on the roads by huge dogs.

These animals, which are the same as those of which Prince Bismarck is so fond, are known in this country as "Great Danes." In Germany, whence the breed had its origin, they are called the "Ulmer" dog. They are regularly bred in the prison, some forty or fifty being always kept in the kennel.

While at work the convicts are guarded both by wardens and dogs. The former are stationed about fifty feet apart, between each being a couple of the dogs. The latter lie peacefully enough while all is quiet, but at the first unusual sound they are instantly on the alert. Should a convict make a dash for liberty he would be pulled down and literally torn piecemeal before he had gone a hundred feet.

Unlike bloodhounds, the animals cannot be called off, and the escaping convict is certain to be killed. Needless to say, attempts at escaping are not frequent.

Last May a negro who made a bold dash for liberty was caught by two of the hounds and torn to pieces before he had gone fifty yards. These accidents figure in the report as "shot while trying to escape," but it is seldom that a shot is actually fired by the guards.

These drastic measures are to a certain extent rendered necessary by the desperate character of the majority of the prisoners, who consist mainly of that mixture of negro, Indian and Mexican blood, from which comes the "greaser," as he is contemptuously termed.

Should a white man be sent to prison his sufferings are fearful. Not long since a man in San Antonio, Texas, was convicted of burglary and confined in the town jail. His wife conveyed some tools to him, concealing them in an apple pie which she handed to him. She also kissed him very affectionately whenever she visited him in the prison.

Each kiss meant a file or some other small tool, conveyed from her mouth to his. By the aid of these implements he nearly succeeded in escaping, and the authorities, concluding that the prison was not strong enough to hold him, packed him off to Huntsville.

From there he wrote to the persons who had prosecuted him, saying that unless he were taken back to San Antonio he would break the line, as his sufferings were unbearable.

To "break the line" and attempt to escape was practically equivalent to suicide, as death by the dogs was inevitable, so they managed to get him transferred to the San Antonio prison.

When he returned he was in a pitiable condition. The flesh had worn off his palms in the first week, owing to the unaccustomed labor, and the guards had lashed him terribly to prevent him from shirking his work. This severe treatment is necessary, it is claimed, owing to the desperate nature of the convicts.

JAPANESE VIRTUES.—The Japanese have many nice qualities and some great ones, says a writer in Scribner's. They are clean, they are polite, and apparently they are very gentle and very brave. They are said to be exceedingly neat, too, and to be bountifully endowed with that sense of propriety, a defective development of which accounts for much of the rubbish in American streets and much of the disagreeableness of American street car travel.

They certainly beat us in a good many things, and not unreasonably their example is much held up to us nowadays for emulation. Intelligent foreigners who have observed us closely have declared that we are the rudest and the kindest people in the world.

Of course, it is a pity that we are not more universally courteous; that our children are not demure and orderly like the Japanese children; that we throw papers into the street and drop peanut shells and orange peels on the floors of our public conveyances.

Of course, it is a pity that we are not more like the Japanese in many particulars; but, for my part, I make bold to confess that American manners, with all their defects, are better suited to my American taste than Japanese manners, with all their gentle perfections.

American manners are not nearly as good as they should be, not nearly as good as one may hope they may become, but that Japanning would profit them is not so certain as it looks at first sight, even if it did not involve a much greater amount of self-repression or self-obliteration, doubtless more apparent than actual, than the American temperament could endure or has any desire to attain to. The amelioration of our national demeanor must rather be sought in an increased and enlightened self control, joined to a strengthened self-respect. If we ever do become civilized, it will be first at the heart, and afterwards at the rind.

HUMAN NATURE.—To gain a correct acquaintance with human nature, it is not necessary to move in a public or extensive sphere. A more limited circle of observation conduces to greater minuteness and accuracy. A public mode of life is favorable to knowledge of manners; a private, to a knowledge of character.

The best way to avoid scalp diseases, hair falling out, and premature baldness, is to use the best preventive known for that purpose—Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The first regular standing army was in Egypt, about 1900 B. C.

The longest pier bridge is said to be that of Victoria, at Montreal, 9144 feet.

A chair worth $35,000 has just been completed in Paris. The forelegs are of solid gold.

The tallest monument composed of a single stone is at Karnak, in Egypt, 108 feet 10 inches.

The longest tunnel, including all approaches, is that of Chemnitz, in Hungary, 10·27 miles.

The longest recorded hair growing on the female head was eight feet. The longest recorded beard was 12 feet.

Ex State Treasure Vincent, of Alabama, is now working as a journeyman painter in a Mississippi village.

The bones of an average male skeleton weigh twenty pounds, while those of a female are about six pounds lighter.

The English language is spreading rapidly in Japan, no fewer than 85,000 books having been imported from England during the past year.

The most rapid growth in the exports of Japan is in floor mattings, which now go to the United States and Europe in lots of 100,000 bales at a time.

Up to October 1 roads entering Chicago had contracted this year for 160 new locomotives, nearly 16,000 freight cars and over 120,000 tons of new steel rails.

Experts on the ventilation of the halls of Congress have found that the members who have been complaining for years of the bad air have been utilizing the air ducts as spittoons.

The highest price ever paid for a tooth is supposed to have been 3,500,000 trade dollars. In a small Asiatic war the Portuguese captured the tooth of a sacred monkey from the Siamese, and this was the ransom agreed upon.

The town of Milton, in West Virginia, has a military company composed entirely of girls. They are drilling under the tutorship of a captain of the State Militia, and purpose to appear in public when they become proficient.

The Fulton, Mo., Gazette says of a Missouri town almost entirely populated by Germans: "Herman has no policeman, no City Marshal, no prisoners, no Police Court, no lawyers, but has eight open saloons, and in its cellars are stored about 1,000,000 gallons of wine."

The wettest place in this country is Neah Bay in Washington; over 123 inches of rain fall there every year. The dryest place in the United States, at any point where regular observations are taken, is Fort Garland, Col.; less than 6 inches of rain fell there during the year.

Two prize rams in Pike county, Pa., fought a fuel to the death one day last week. Their method of combat was to back off from each other a distance of 30 or 40 feet and then run full tilt together, head to head. Finally one ram dropped death with a completely smashed head.

It is said that the oldest living man and wife in the United States are Louis and Amelia Darwin, of Black Falls, Wis. The husband was born in 1788, or one year before the inauguration of the first President of the United States, and his wife was born in 1794. They have been married eighty years.

So general is the impression that hot stoves are safe from thieves that it has become a proverb. But it amounts to nothing hereafter, for Constant Damchetta, a 12 year old Elizabeth, N. J., boy, with more ingenuity than honesty, easily made way with a hot stove, and sold it for 75 cents at that.

Aluminium is not proving to be of such value for surgical instruments as was expected, says the Medical Times. To be sure, it does not oxidize, but it is deficient in elasticity and stays bent after pressure. It is also so light that the surgeon does not feel as if he had hold of anything when grasping a knife made of it.

The total of mob murders in the United States from March 1, 1894, to September 30, 1895 was 154. The total number killed and wounded in September was 36. Of this number, since March 1, 135 were black and 14 were women. It is estimated that the victims of the mob for 1895 will number full 200, as the mobocratic tendency seems to be on the increase.

Siamese women entrust their children to the care of elephants, and it is said that the trust is never betrayed. The babies play about the huge feet of the elephants, who are ever careful never to hurt the little creatures. And if danger threatens, the sagacious animal will curl the child gently up in his trunk and swing it up out of harm's way upon his own broad back.

The final triumph of the bicycle over the horse is foreshadowed, if it has not actually been accomplished on a big farm near Wellington, Kansas. One of the young men is an expert bicycle rider, and he usually rides his machine when driving the cattle to pasture or to the barns. He is able to scorch around over the level prairie and control the herd with great ease.

STRANGERS.

Blossoms have flowered and flowers have died,
Summers have lived and grown golden,
Since you and I in the sweet even-tide
Dreamed o'er our love story olden.

Seasons have vanished, and long years have sped,
Hearts have been won and then broken,
Each of us twain to the other is dead,
Faded in love's dearest token.

Stilled are the kisses we thought were of heaven,
Gone is the sunshiny weather,
Faith is no more that was once freely given,
Life is no more lived together.

RECOLLECTION DAY.

The Russian people are perhaps, of all European nationalities, the most tenaciously conservative in the maintenance of their ancient national customs, holidays, and Church observances. Whilst many of their ceremonies are somewhat interesting, and even sensational in their character to the traveler, none can be possibly more so than the popular holiday known amongst the Russians as the "Day of Recollection," or "Festival over the Dead."

On the morning of the 28th of July, Russian style, or 9th of August, new style, whilst on a visit to St. Petersburg, we were informed that this annual holiday was to be observed in the churchyard of Smolensk. Accompanied by an interesting and intelligent Scot, who has been located in Russia for nearly thirty years, and who, accordingly, knows the Russian language as well as his mother-tongue, we proceeded to the scene of action.

Everybody was in holiday dress and in holiday humor. Many carried large memorial wreaths beautifully decorated with flowers. There was nothing of a sombre hue in all that crowd. The memorial wreath was being borne along as gaily as if it had been a marriage bouquet. It was difficult for us to believe that these people were moving to a field of the dead. Besides those carrying flowers, there were others carrying provisions, bread (black and white), tea-urns, hot-water urns, and bottles of all shapes and sizes.

When at a crawling pace we reached the entrance to the church and churchyard, we found a detachment of police drawn up. As the people passed through the archway the police moved about in search of "vodka" or spirit bottles, an order having been issued by the chief that all vodka bottles were to be seized.

Having passed this entrance, we now reached the short avenue to the church of Smolensk. Here it was all excitement and a perfect babel of sounds, and in respect of noise and numbers not unlike a gigantic Scotch or English fair of the olden times. Here, however, the comparison ceases. On the right of the entrance to the church stood a large open booth constructed of canvas, supported by poles. It was literally packed with religious devotees. At one end was erected an altar with sacred relics and "ikons" and everything quite in accordance with the high ritual of the Russian Church. It was a dazzling, gaudy show of tawdry gold and silver ornamentation in full blaze with tapers and candles.

Outside, a good sale of tapers was going on. Within this booth many were on their knees, others were kissing the glass coverings of the pictures of the saints, or crossing themselves and displaying their religious fervor in many strange ways.

One man quite as earnest as his fellow-devotees in bowing, kneeling, crossing himself, and kissing the pictures of the saints, carried a formidable bottle in his pocket. On one side of the entrance stood ten nuns of dark, swarthy complexions, dressed in black and wearing hats of various shapes, sugar-loaf and cylindrical, from which long heavy black veils were suspended. These nuns had come from the remote interior, and were on a begging tour for the poorer country churches. There were men also eagerly clamoring for contributions for certain churches burned down in the interior.

Not far off was a miscellaneous lot of lame, halt, and blind soliciting alms. This booth was well patronized; and the money drawn from the sale of tapers and candles, in addition to the voluntary contributions, must have brought a fair harvest to those who presided over it.

The churchyard of Smolensk, we were informed by an officer of police, is one hundred and twenty acres in extent, and the number of grave-diggers employed is twenty-four. We have seen many lamentably neglected and insanitary churchyards in our own country; we have seen nothing, however, like this. It is simply a wild, neglected field of rank grass, neglected trees, and shrubs enclosed by a hideous wooden fence.

There are avenues and roads broad and narrow intersecting it, but all neglected and unkept. The monumental stones are nearly as thick as they can be planted. There are obelisks, flat stones, pillars, miniature chapels, shrines, stones in every conceivable shape and form, picturesque and grotesque, and attached to every stone is the "ikon," or holy picture. On many of the monuments lamps were burning, and on numerous graves were lighted candles.

The most common form of monumental design, however, was the Greek cross, in stone or wood, and in some cases in plain rough logs and posts. There were other tombs like caves, grottoes, rockeries, and mounds of turf of pyramid shape. Some resembled ordinary wooden packing-boxes, others again closely resembling large umbrellas and parasols. The decorations were in some cases lavish, and very beautiful indeed. Roses, everlasting, heather, dried flowers, and wreaths of brilliant colors were lovingly bestowed as offerings and memorials.

As we turn away from the main avenues to wander amongst the tombs, what a remarkable sight presented itself! In every direction there were family parties holding picnics amongst the graves. Within many a little grave enclosure, a table stood, spread with eatables and drinkables, and the family party sat round as happy looking as if they were picnicking in the woods. Other family groups were seated in large aviary-like structures made of wood and wire-netting, with tables spread within and seats all round. Within these enclosures feasting with their relatives were many types of St. Petersburg society, from the well-clad, highly respectable-looking men of business down to the humblest and poorest laborer, and not a sad face amongst them.

Grains of Gold.

Love never loses by being tested.

That man is a stranger to himself who reads no books.

Men will not live right unless they first believe right.

In the arithmetic of heaven, nothing counts but love.

No man is fit to lead others who is untrue to himself.

A mote in the eye will put the whole world out of joint.

Good humor is the health of the soul; sadness is its poison.

The devil has use for all his skill when he makes a hypocrite.

Only when there is perfect trust can there be perfect peace.

Many a supposed giant has turned out out to be only a shadow.

Love never has to be watched to see that it does honest work.

Filling the mind with knowledge never takes any sin out of the heart.

Families with babies and families without babies are so sorry for each other.

The better a man is pleased with himself, the better the devil is pleased with him.

Eloquence may sometimes provoke righteous indignation, but it cannot produce righteousness of life.

Femininities.

Mrs. John G. Carlisle has become an expert bicyclist.

One day every year Lord and Lady Aberdeen always dine with their servants.

In China, if a man loses his temper in public, he is liable to five days' imprisonment.

She: "Cholly has brain trouble." He: "Is that so? What kind?" She: "It troubles him to think."

How many women would laugh at the funerals of their husbands if it were not the custom to weep!

A young man in Tennessee has been warned by white caps that he must quit wearing tan shoes.

Miss Oldgirl: "I always try to make myself plain." Miss Fert: "How admirably you have succeeded."

Abraham Rhimes, aged 71, is before the court at La Porte, Ind., asking for his eighth divorce. The first he got in 1881.

When Sarah Bernhardt goes shopping she buys everything wholesale. Ten or twenty bonnets will sometimes be ordered at a time.

Pianomaker: "How does it happen that in this house the pedal is broken every week?" Servant: "Oh, our young lady rides a wheel."

First old maid: "Are you doing any literary work now?" Second old maid: "Yes; I've just finished a series of articles called 'Advice to Young Wives.'"

The Princess of Wales, so they say, once confessed that her favorite dish was Yorkshire pudding, her favorite art millinery, and her favorite occupation minding her own business.

"Papa," said little Johnny, eagerly, "I saw the fattest woman to-day!" "How much did she weigh?" "I don't know; she wasn't in a museum. But she was so fat she filled her sleeves up tight."

Countess Fritz Hobenau, cousin to Emperor William of Germany, has this year introduced the custom of riding astride, and organized a club of aristocratic women to lend their countenance to the new style.

Mr. Blinks: "I wish to get some hairpins for my wife." Great merchant: "This is a wholesale house, sir." "Of course. You don't suppose I'm fool enough to go on buying hairpins at retail, do you? I want a barrel."

The champion fat man of the world is now in Paris. M. Canon Berg, who is of Swiss nationality, weighs something over 560 pounds. His health is excellent, and his appetite takes in enough food for five persons.

Mrs. Fozzleton: "George, to-morrow is mommer's birthday, and I think we ought to give her something. You must remember she has been with us ten weeks nows." Fozzleton: "Yes; let us give us her a send off.'

The great charm of the Queen of Madagascar is said to be her unconventionality. She chews tobacco, drinks champagne, uses palm oil on her hair, wears $5000 Worth costumes, at the same time going barefooted, and is a member of the Orthodox Congregational Church.

A New York woman, while stopping at Bar Harbor the past season, called upon a dentist there to have her teeth fixed. Indented in the crown of a tooth the dentist found a pink pearl several times larger than the head of a pin. Whether it came there from oysters or grew there is a mystery.

At Delnieze, near Fiume, on the Adriatic, twenty six girls were recently carried off on horseback in one night, by lovers to whom their parents had refused to give them. It is not uncommon for Croatian girls to force their parents' consent to their marriage by eloping, but an organized raid like this is unprecedented, and has made a sensation even in Croatia.

Turkish widows are sometimes denied even the moderate satisfaction of following their husband's remains to their last resting place. When Ismael Pasha died 800 of his sorrowing relicts, after sitting up for a week at his wake, expressed their purpose of walking barefoot in procession at his funeral in Cairo. The authorities at the palace heard of it, and the widows were locked up.

Asenath Brockway, sister of the notorious forger, died near New Haven, Conn., recently. She was 84 years old, and for the last 15 years she has had her coffin ready in her house, on which was a plate bearing her name, date of birth, and a space on which to record the time of her death. She was married and divorced many times during her life, two being after she had passed her 60th year.

A singular and pathetic incident occurred in the Brooklyn Court of Quarter Sessions lately. Among the prisoners to be tried was Mary King, a preposing looking young woman. Her case was about to proceed, when one of the jurors arose, and in a broken voice asked to be excused, on the ground that the prisoner was his wife. She had taken to drink, he said, with much emotion, and left him about a year ago, since which time he had never seen or heard of her until that moment. After leaving her husband the woman had taken another name. The juror was excused.

Masculinities.

The cause of woman suffrage—Scarcity of husbands.

The woman with long eye lashes is liable to indulge in tongue lashes.

Among other peculiarities of President Cleveland he never wears gloves.

When a man is finally carried to the cemetery he is bound to be satisfied with his lot.

In the height of his celebrity, Sir Morrell Mackenzie, the throat specialist, earned $75,000 a year.

Talking of enterprise, certain Belgian daily journals get out their Wednesday morning edition about Tuesday noon.

A Paris dealer in fine shoes for women says that the ladies of Madrid have the smallest feet, while the feet of the Swedes have the best shape.

Victoria, in Australia, is following in Falstaff's footsteps. It has 1,174,000 inhabitants. Last year they spent $18,645,000 for drink, about $80 for each adult.

It may sadly shock the believers in ancient lineage, but it is evidently true, that the earliest man, say 4000 B. C., ate with a knife with an edge like a saw.

The Queen and the Empress Frederick have managed to bring about a reconciliation between the Emperor William and his brother, Prince Henry, of Prussia.

According to a Paris paper the crown of the King of Portugal, which was recently repaired by a jeweler, is the most costly in the world, being valued at $6,000,000.

William Adkinson, of Harrisburg, Ky., who is 81 years of age, is an enthusiastic wheelman, and may enter the old men's race next spring to compete for the one hundred dollar diamond.

English papers say that Mr. Gladstone is at present engaged in editing all the letters which he has received and thought worthy of preservation. They number more than 200,000.

A new tourist has come forward to point out that the birds are happiest when they sing, and, therefore, that men and women should cultivate the gift of song, and when they are sick to break out in a merry carol.

The Duke of Westminster himself has not anything like an exact idea what his London property, if it were realized, would be worth. He does know, however, that the amount would be considerably in excess of $60,000,000.

The Emperor of Japan, who has promised to visit England, is an individual who would appeal to the English heart. He is an all-around sportsman, devoted to riding, shooting, tennis, fishing and billiards, and a patron of football.

Mr. F. A. Rowe, of East Conneaut, Ohio, grew sixty-two tons of pumpkins on three acres, the sum realized being $186. It took three teams and five men three days to deliver them at the canning factory, netting Mr. Rowe about $150.

Fredrich Engels, the late German Socialist writer, gave directions that his body should be burned and the ashes cast into the sea. His ashes were accordingly gathered into an urn, which was taken out to sea five or six miles and cast into the water.

Throughout his entire life Victor Hugo endeavored to have the name of his father—General Hugo, who led a charge against the English at Waterloo, and was never heard of afterwards—added to the list of Napoleonic heroes on the Arc de Triomphe. It has been placed there at last, and its addition to the list leaves room for only two more.

Mr. H. B. Peck, of Ansonia, has an orange which adorned the banquet table on his wedding day 21 years ago. The orange is as dry as a chip and shows no signs of shriveling, and the skin is very smooth. It is reduced in size about one third, and the seeds rattle like a rattle-box. Nothing was used to preserve the fruit.

At the close of the war General Harris addressed the pupils of a negro school in Atlanta. "What shall I tell them in the North when I go back?" he said. A negro boy sitting in the front row jumped to his feet and cried: "Tell them we are rising." That boy is now President Wright, of the Georgia State Agricultural School.

When a certain young barrister first took chambers in the Temple he astonished his friends by telling them that ninety-nine times out of a hundred when he heard footsteps on the stairs he could tell whether or not the person was coming to his office. On being questioned as to how he did it, he said that he always made up his mind that they were not coming to his office, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred he was right.

The English Earl of Shaftesbury told an interesting story at a meeting of the Palestine Exploration Fund. He said that in his part of the country, Dorsetshire, the people had a strong predilection for giving Hebrew names to their children at baptism. Sometimes, however, they went a little too far. In the churchyard of his own parish there was a tombstone which he always showed to his friends who were interested in such matters, on which was engraved, "Methuselah Coney aged twelve months."

Latest Fashion Phases.

A very stylish gown is in an artistic contrast of dark-blue camel's hair cloth and dark-green mirror velvet, which would be extremely becoming to a blonde. The full flaring cloth skirt is enriched at the edge by a border of blue velvet, a shade darker than the cloth, which is headed by a narrow bias band of mirror green velvet.

The round bodice fits snugly at the back and is made without darts, the fullness being allowed to droop slightly. A bias band of the green velvet is arranged to simulate an empiecement, which is adorned by six round ornaments of green. The bodice is tastefully embellished by a design of green braid on either side of the front below the empiecement. Narrow bands of green velvet conceal the seam between the sleeve and bodice. The collar band and belt are made of green velvet, the collar being enriched on either side by two small black ostrich tips. The bouffante sleeve has the entire lower manche made of green velvet.

In children wraps a stylish pelisse was in scarlet cloth, trimmed with Persian lamb fur. It is enriched by a double square collar, which is arranged to form a point in the front and is slashed over the shoulders. The slashings are edged with Persian lamb fur. The cloth collar-band is also edged with fur. This pretty little pelisse is invisibly fastened on the left side, under a band of the fur, which extends from the neck of the edge. The fullness is held in position at the waist by a broad flat band of the cloth, ornamented on the lower and front edges by a narrow band of the fur. The full bishop sleeve is drawn into a cuff of the cloth, edged with fur.

The hat worn with this coat is a scarlet cloth Tam O'Shanter, with the narrow band covered with Persian lamb fur. On the left side two black quills are artistically arranged to stand erect, while a pretty button adorns the band where the quills are fastened.

Another was a handsome little coat, made in pale green faced cloth, trimmed with dark brown velvet and beaver fur. It has a close-fitting back, and a loose front, which is enriched by a wide box-plait extending from the neck to the edge. A deep shoulder cape of the cloth is bordered with a band of beaver fur, and is embellished over either shoulder with a band of dark brown velvet, which is formed into a point both in the front and back. The velvet turn down collar is edged with beaver fur. The bishop sleeve is finished at the wrist by a cloth cuff adorned at the upper edge by a band of fur. This coat is lined throughout with brown silk.

A third is a short coat in brown serge. The back is snugly fitted with a fluted basque, while the front is double breasted with pointed revers and collar. Six fancy smoked pearl buttons ornament the front. The revers and collar are faced with dark brown velvet. The gigot mutton sleeve is trimmed at the wrist by a pointed velvet cuff. Shot silk in shades of yellow and brown is the lining used for this coat.

The hat has a brown felt brim, with a Tam O'Shanter crown in a darker shade of brown velvet, and is trimmed on the left side by two brown quills and bows of brown satin ribbon.

A very pretty long coat for a little girl is made of dark blue covert coating cloth, trimmed with sable fur. It is cut in the double-breasted shape, with pointed revers and collar, and is fastened down in front with loops of black cord and braided ornaments. A band of sable fur arranged on either side of the front of the coat extends from the revers to the edge. The revers and collar are faced with fur. The large gigot sleeve has a deep fur cuff.

A dainty wrapper for a real young child is a white poplin pelisse, with a full fluted shoulder cape, edged with white fur. The full bishop sleeve is drawn into a narrow cuff of the fur. It is lined throughout with white silk.

A serviceable coat for a girl from 12 to 15 years of age is made in the Newmarket style, which is snugly fitted with a double-breasted front and pointed revers and collar. It is made in drab Venetian cloth, the revers and collar being of velvet. It is fastened to the waist by pretty pearl buttons. The leg o'-mutton sleeve has a pointed cuff of velvet.

A coat for a small child is made of navy blue cloth in the double-breasted shape. The deep shoulder cape is ornamented by three rows of blue braid, and is edged with beaver fur. The turn-down collar is composed entirely of fur. The bishop sleeve has a plain cloth cuff. It is fastened with white pearl buttons.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

The season's fancies in paper are unusually unique and novel, and the heavy parchment paper as well as silks and satins has come in vogue to take the place, to a great extent, of the more perishable crepe paper.

The styles of Louis XIV., XV. and XVI. are the latest wrinkle, though the empire is still a favorite, its chaste elegance and simplicity being better liked by some than the gay, fly-away fashions of the previous periods.

A large, stiff lamp shade of the empire design is of parchment paper, bandbox in shape, into which are let old colored prints of dames of the empire period, in a hand-painted setting of gold and rose color. A Louis XV. shade of white silk is patterned after a Chinese pagoda in form, and is embellished with garlands of pink roses, hand painted, a deep ruffle of silks being edged with smaller wreaths of the dainty blossoms.

Another taking novelty is a lamp shade of Dresden pattern. It is made of white crepe paper, is big and fluffy, flecked all over with diminutive rosebuds to match the broad ribbon bow and ends that encircle the top and droop down. The edge is scalloped in deep, sinuous points and painted in a broad pink band with narrower edge of gold.

A beauty in crinkled white silk is for all the world like a huge, many petaled rose, the bits of silk, piled one over the other, being cut to represent soft petals.

Artistic candle shades come in designs to match all the foregoing lamp shades, while fetching little screens of paper, silk or blotting cloth follow out the same ideas and are fastened to one side of the candle with a metal attachment.

A tall colonial brass candelabrum is picturesque when set off with screens of different styles.

The hand-painted paper or linen frames are shown in new designs for the fall trade, and are more attractive than ever. One to hold a cabinet photograph is of rough white paper, tall and square-cornered, except at the upper left hand, which is cut out to simulate a large flower—a rose, fleur-de-lis, or bunch of pansies—and hand-painted like the real blossom, the design extending down the left side and across the top.

An attractive frame after the empire pattern is of white linen painted about the opening in pale green and gold, the gilt scroll and network being most effective.

A Louis XVI. frame has a heart shaped opening and is painted around with pale tinted ribbons which tie in a many-looped bow at the top; an outer wreath is of delicate apple blossoms.

A little one to catch the fancy of the college youth or his admiring maiden is a square of glass held in place by a narrow brass framework; showing through is a bit of rough paper painted blue for Yale or orange and black for Princeton, with a bewitching young damsel in ball attire looking coquettishly over one side of the opening which is circled about with narrow ribbons. At the upper right corner is emblazoned a big initial letter, Y or P, as the case may be.

Useful and ornamental books make pretty gifts and each one has a purpose of its own. A long one in golden brown linen is decorated in pale green ribbons and flowers and marked "clippings," and when opened reveals a quantity of envelopes artistically lettered "biographical," "practical," "historical" and a score of others, with intent to hold clippings on different subjects. A chafing-dish book is quite the thing now that the useful utensil has come so much into favor, and even the college boy as well as college girl is using it.

The new table favors are the most artistic yet shown, the three favorite styles being the Louis XVI., the empire and the rococo. These are mostly used at breakfasts and luncheons, though they occasionally serve to beautify a dinner table. The Louis XVI. pattern is of thick white paper, wreathed with roses or forget-me nots in hand painting, and the painted bow knots so dear to the heart of the young king's lovely, unfortunate consort, Marie Antoinette. The open box is square in shape, and is meant to hold an ice and an entree; the larger covered box is round and serves for bonbons, while the tiny one is for sugared or salted almonds. Another, a Louis XVI. design, is in pink satin, the boxes edged with a gilt scroll work, while jewels are set on, and are charming in effect. The rococo favors are very decorative for a table, as they are of gilded paper painted in big full-blown roses and their foliage. Table favors come from $5 to $10 a dozen.

The german favors are pretty and unique. Little ring and stud boxes in paper painted in the different college colors, and representations of rings, studs or cuff buttons on the cover. Stick-pin bases of eider-down flannel in pale hues, are made with a long strip of chamois inside, in which to stick the pins, the case rolling up and to be tied with narrow satin ribbons. Huge silken roses, lilies, asters and orchids are used, long-stemmed and gray-tinted. Little adjustable work boxes and painted trifles and knickknacks galore, till one wonders where all the new ideas come from.

Paste for Sharpening Razors.—Take some of the finely-powdered oxide of iron used by jewelers, and make it into a paste with olive oil. Sulphate of iron and lard make a paste of a similar nature. These pastes should be smeared slightly over the surface of the strop, and then smoothed over with a glass phial. The strop should then be hung up exposed to the air for a day before being used.

German Polish for Furniture.—Put in a pipkin over a slow fire four ounces of yellow wax and one ounce of powdered black resin; when melted, add gradually two ounces of spirits of turpenture, and mix them well together. This composition should then be poured into a bottle and securely corked. If some of this varnish be spread over the furniture with a piece of cloth and well rubbed it will cause the article to appear as if it were varnished.

To Remove Paint or Tar from the Hands.—Rub the hands with some grease or butter, and then wash them with soap and water.

To Clean Looking Glasses.—Rinse a soft sponge in warm water and afterwards in spirits of wine, and clean the glass carefully with it. Then tie some powdered blue in a muslin bag, and dust a little on the glass, and rub it off as lightly as possible with a very soft linen cloth. Polish the glass with another cloth, and afterwards with an old silk handkerchief.

To Remove Stains From Scarlet Cloth.—Bruise some soap-wort, put it in a cloth and squeeze out the juice, and dissolve a little soap in it. Wash the stains several times with this fluid, allowing the cloth to dry between each washing.

To Clean Gilt Articles.—Brush them for a few minutes with a little soap applied to a soft brush. Rinse them in clear water, wipe them carefully with a cloth, and dry them near the fire. Afterwards polish them with finely-powdered burnt bread.

To Take the Stains of Oil and Grease from Floor-boards.—Mix fuller's earth into a paste with boiling soap-suds, and rub it while hot over the stains. When dry, clean it off with sand and soft soap.

Composition for Cleaning Tea and Coffee Urns.—Rub together one part of rotten stone with two of jewellers' "red stuff" (oxide of iron, finely powdered) The urns are to be cleaned with this powder in a similar way to plate.

To Remove Oil Stains from Stone and Marble.—Mix some pipeclay and fuller's earth in strong soap-suds, and apply them to the stained part. Then lay a cold iron on it, and allow it to remain until dry. If the whole of the stain does not come out at the first application repeat the process.

To Render Paper Waterproof.—Pass the paper rapidly through a solution of oxide of copper in liquid ammonia, and iron it immediately.

To Remove Egg-stains from Silver Spoons.—When eggs are eaten by means of silver spoons, the silver becomes discolored, owing to the sulphur the eggs contain uniting with the silver to form a sulphuret. The quickest and best way of removing this is to rub them with salt between the thumb and finger.

Eggs in Puddings.—If the yolks and whites of eggs are beaten up separately, and then added to the dry flour and well mixed, it will be found that they will go farther than if they were used in any other way. A tablespoonful of yeast added to a pudding will answer the purpose of several eggs.

To Make Screws Hold in Soft Wood.—after having bored the hole in which the screw is to be inserted, put into a piece of soft wood half the size of the screw, and previously dipped in melted glue. Then insert the screw as quickly as possible, and screw it home. If no melted glue is at hand, fill the hole with powdered resin, and make the screw hot enough to melt the resin before inserting it. Then screw it in as rapidly as you possibly can.

To Prevent Cloth from Becoming Spotted by the Rain.—Wipe off the wet as soon as possible the way of the nap with a silk handkerchief, sponge or soft brush. By paying attention to this, the clothes will be smooth and free from spots when dry.

To Remove Ink Stains from Furniture.—Pour some lemon juice on the ink spot, and rub it well with the finger. Then wipe it off with a cloth, and if the stain has not entirely disappeared apply more lemon juice. Continue to do this until the stains are removed.

Balls for Removing Grease Stains.—Pour over some fuller's earth sufficient lime juice to wet it; mix a little pearlash with it, and make the paste into balls about as large as a marble, and dry them.

Sauce for Plum Pudding.—Foam sauce: One cup of white sugar, three cups of butter, one tablespoonful of flour. Beat to a cream, put it on the stove, and add a wineglassful of sherry or half a wineglass of brandy; stir quickly until it is all foam. Hard sauce: Four ounces of butter, five ounces of sugar, beaten to a cream; pile it on the dish. A scrape of nutmeg or a little lemon juice may be added when beating it, or brandy—not enough to tint it, only to flavor.

To Make a Rich Plum-Pudding Without Flour.—Take one pound and a half of raisins, the same quantity of currants, and the same of suet, chopped fine, and about an equal proportion of grated bread, rubbed fine through a colander; mix them well together, and add the peel of a lemon, one ounce of bitter and two ounces of sweet almonds, all chopped fine, a nutmeg grated, some cinnamon pounded fine in a mortar, a little sugar, and some candied orange-peel, lemon-peel, and citron, about two ounces of each, cut into small slices, stir it all well together, and wet it with about half a pint of milk, six or eight eggs, well beaten, and a glass or two of brandy. Either tie it in a cloth and boil it four hours or put it into two basins, and let them boil about two hours or two hours and a half. Send to table with brandy sauce. A pudding made in this way, eaten either hot, cold, or warmed, will be much lighter than one made with flour. Not a particle of flour is necessary.

Vienna Steak.—Turn out a two-pound tin of Australian fresh beef, scrape all the fat and jelly from it, melt the jelly in a saucepan, and use the fat, if any, to fry the steak with. Mince the meat finely, and pepper and salt it to taste; mix with it some finely-chopped onion, fried a light brown, and form it into pats the size of the hand and two inches thick; brush the pats with eggs and bread crumbs, and fry to a dark brown in the fat. Pile them on a hot dish, and surround them with fried onions and good gravy, in which the melted jelly forms a part. The pats should be strewed over with chopped parsley just before they are sent to table.

NATURE'S RESPIRATOR.—The season of cold, raw, damp, and foggy weather is upon us, and many will be its victims. Among other causes, the inhalation of cold, and especially of dirty air, must take a high place.

Man is, however, provided with a safeguard against this danger. The double passage to the lungs, through the nose and through the mouth, suggests some difference in use, and this becomes certain when we find such a difference in the two routes as actually exists.

The air passing into the lungs through the nose in quiet respiration is warmed as it passes over the lower turbinated bone, with its very vascular mucous membrane, while, as the cavity is so narrow, the air is also to a great extent filtered, and in this way deprived of its dangerous characters, even before it reaches the larynx.

Those therefore, who in the cold and in fogs wish to avoid catarrhs should be careful to inspire only through the nose. With most this will require some practice; but the trouble will be well repaid.

Some, too, will find the unpure air of a fog very irritating to the nasal mucous membrane, and thus a demonstration of the irritant properties of the suspended matter which in breathing through the mouth gets free access to the lungs may be obtained.

THE hasty reproof, given simply because of some personal annoyance, the unjust blame thoughtlessly visited on innocent heads, the unkind sarcasm or taunt, the bitter invective, the exaggerated condemnation of small though troublesome offences, poison happiness and quench affection without adding one iota to the general stock of virtue or good conduct.

A CHINESE CITY.

PEOPLE vary greatly in their ideas as to what heaven is like, and probably nobody but a Chinaman thinks the Celestial Empire has much resemblance to paradise. But there is absolute unanimity amongst Europeans that no city in the world is less like "a little heaven below" than Peking (or Pei ching, "Northern Capital"), the capital of the Celestial Empire.

Mr. Curzon, one of the most recent of the visitors who have given us their impressions of this great city of near a million inhabitants, has pretty extensive experience of the filth and squalor and evil odors and uproar of many a famous Eastern city; but the most seasoned traveler, he says, "has never seen dirt, piled in mountains of dust in the summer, spread in oozing quagmires of mud after the rains, like that of Peking: his nostrils have never been assailed by such myriad and assorted effluvia; and the drums of his ears have never cracked beneath such a remorseless and dissonant concussion of sound."

The visitor to Peking may have to lie tossing wearily for three or four days outside the mud-bar that blocks the mouth of the Peiho; once disembarked on the vast alluvial flats that border the river, he may accelerate his journey to the capital by a short railway run to Tien tsin, long the official headquarters of Li-hung-chang.

From Tien-tsin he may think it best to undergo a three days' voyage on a river-boat, rowed, sailed, poled, or dragged by turns up the serpentine course of the river. He may prefer to ride the eighty miles on the small but strong Chinese ponies, jogging steadily along for two days in clouds of dust.

Or, like a recent visitor, Pastor Heims, a chaplain in the German navy, he may make his entry in the local cart, described as a moderate-sized dog-kennel mounted on wheels, distressingly uncomfortable to sit in and far too short to lie down in.

The route is excessively uninteresting until at a turn in the road the city suddenly bursts on the view, vast and grim, its lofty walls of twenty miles' circuit rising sheer out of the sandy plain unencumbered by suburbs or outlying villages. The impression of their height is increased by the prodigious towers and triple-roofed gate fortresses.

No city walls extant can give a notion of what the walls Babylon must have been: authorities such as Rawlinson and Sayce believe Herodotus was not exaggerating much when he reported these were 200 royal cubits—say 335 feet, only 70 feet lower than the cross on St. Paul's!—in height, and 50 cubits (85 feet) in thickness. Whereas, though Peking is as many-walled and much-walled as any town now extant, its highest wall is but 50 feet high on an average, and about as thick.

If Pekin reminds the traveler of Babylon on the one hand, in one other respect it resembles an American city. Its arrangement is singularly simple, regular and rectangular both in general plan and in the arrangement of the main lines of street.

And like Washington it is "a city of magnificent distances;" but inside the twenty-one miles' circuit of the walls are large areas wholly unoccupied. The walls are a still more conspicuous element in the city than at first appears; there are several sets of walls.

For firstly, there are two cities, the Inner and Outer, the Manchu and the Chinese, and though they lie close together, they, too, are separated by a huge partition wall—the wall of the Manchu city serving, so far as it extends, for the north wall of the Chinese city.

The Manchu or Inner City, which is somewhat the larger, is nearly square; the Chinese city, lying close to it, is a parallelogram, longer from east to west than from north to south, and projects east and west beyond the Manchu city.

It should be remembered that the Chinese are not the lords of the land; the Japanese are not the first "foreign devils" to occupy the sacred soil.

The Manchu Tartars conquered the country in the seventeenth century, and are the ruling race still; the present Manchu dynasty dates from 1643.

So that the Manchus and Chinese stand to day in China somewhat as the Normans and native English did in England two hundred and fifty years after the Norman Conquest, a certain fusion and approximation between the races having taken place; though old antipathies and jealousies have by no means disappeared, and might perhaps be fanned into a flame.

Meanwhile, in Peking there is no longer the sharp distinction between Tartars and Chinese there used to be; Chinese live in the Tartar city, and Tartars abound in the Chinese town.

But the walls surrounding the two cities do not exhaust the great walls of Peking. The portion of the Inner City next the boundary wall is called the General City, and that is divided from an interior portion called the Imperial City by another complete four square wall twenty feet high, within which are various temples, public buildings, government offices, dwellings of princely and noble persons, barracks, parks, a lake, and a famous hill, fabled to be a store of coal against a possible invasion and siege.

As the coal-hill seems to have stood there in Marco Polo's day, the fable is no doubt baseless. Once more, the innermost portion of the Imperial City is again another specially walled enclosure—the Purple Forbidden City, containing the imperial palaces—those of emperor, empress, and other imperial personages, with some halls of reception and other buildings.

The emperor and his harem are believed to be guarded by a force of ten thousand eunuchs. Into this holy of holies none but official persons or those having some connection with the court are admitted—ordinary Chinese and Manchus are strictly debarred, and the idea of foreigners intruding would be appalling.

All other parts of town used to be pretty open to the inspection of foreigners; but for some fourteen years past or so, the imperial temples and enclosures even within the Chinese city have been carefully guarded against aliens; bribery and corruption will not now secure access to the parks of temples where formerly Europeans used to play cricket at will.

Of late, too, foreigners are strictly excluded from the grounds of the Summer Palace. Sacked and plundered by the French and British allies during the war in 1860—"singeing the eyebrows of China," the Marquis Tseng called this strong but necessary measure—the palace stands in a large enclosure seven miles northwest of the city.

The Chinese or Outer City is very sparsely populated. Much of the ground is under cultivation, large tracts are wooded, green fields show themselves, and other open spaces are occupied with artificial lakes and tanks.

Where it is built over, the streets are for the most part narrow, and the people are busy and building. There are club houses not a few, various temples, and charitable institutions for the poor, the aged, and for children, including foundling hospitals. The "Altar to Heaven," with its adjunct the "Altar of Prayer for Grain," and the "Altar of Agriculture," are both near the southern wall, and are reached by a "great street," or avenue.

The first two altars are enclosed by more than three miles of wall, the space within planted with forest trees. Within a second wall is a grove of fine cypresses encompassing the buildings. The "Altar of Heaven" stands on a splendid triple circular terrace of white marble, with steps leading from one terrace to the next, each being surrounded by a balustrade of the same marble, richly carved.

On the upper terrace, which is thirty feet in diameter and about twenty feet above the ground, the emperor appears to greet the dawning sun on the day of the winter solstice, attended by the grandees and ministers.

The "Altar of Prayer and Grain," a similar structure, but of less dimensions, was burned down in 1889; on its upper terrace there was a triple-roofed circular building, whose imposing appearance and splendid blue tiles caused it, according to Professor Legge, to be regarded as more important than the other altar, and to be commonly, though erroneously, styled by foreign visitors, "The Temple of Heaven." To this altar the emperor comes in the early spring to pray for a blessing on the labors of the year. Here also he repairs in seasons of drought to pray for rain.

There has been much delay in rebuilding it. A short distance to the east stands the "Altar of Agriculture," in an enclosure about two miles in circumference. This contains four different altars—to the Spirits of the Sky, of the Earth, of the planet Jupiter, and a local deity. The principal streets of the Chinese city are more than a hundred feet wide, but the side streets are mere lanes.

The streets are usually paved, and according to the state of the weather are deep in mud or in dust. In the smaller streets the houses are miserable huts; in the main streets both private houses and shops are one-story brick edifices, the shops being gay with paint and gilding.

The shops are open in front, the goods being often piled up outside; and many trades are carried on in the streets or in tents and movable shops. Barbers and dentists, clowns, jugglers, and sword-players, ply their vocations in the street; auctioneers and quack doctors fill the air with their vociferations.

WHERE DOGS ARE DOCTORED.

IT is well known that the wealthy spare no expense when the welfare of their pets is concerned. Our readers will therefore not be surprised to hear that to the many institutions already existing in New York there has recently been added a special hospital for dogs.

If your pet has a slight cold or any other equally trivial canine ailment, you can take the sufferer to this institution any afternoon between three and five o'clock and have him examined and prescribed for in as skilful and scientific a manner as though your own health were in question. But should his illness turn out to be of a more serious nature you will have to enter him as a house patient and leave him to be cared for in the hospital.

This part of the establishment comprises a number of bright, cheery rooms, over a long row of beautifully built and well-kept terra cotta and red pressed brick stables.

There are separate rooms for the several diseases which affect doggydom, and these rooms are sub-divided into wards, just as in a real hospital. There are flowering plants in the windows, snowy draperies and hangings, little white enamelled iron beds, all railed round, and soft, woollen blankets, which are kept spotlessly clean and sweet.

It is generally the footman or coachman who brings the sick dog to the hospital; but sometimes, especially when the pet is unusually valuable or very ill, the mistress herself drives up to the door and mounts the short flight of steps, with the patient snugly folded in her arms.

These animals are frequently so wise and so loving that they seem almost human to their possessors. Many are the groans and tears when the owner is informed that the patient is really ill and must remain for ten days or a week to be regularly and systematically treated.

The sufferers are generally the tiny pet dogs, and their usual trouble is a bad attack of indigestion from too many grilled bones or too much cream with their porridge. These patients are brought in their silk-lined baskets, and the owner generally pleads hard for them to be allowed to remain in their luxurious little nests. But the superintendent is firm, and doggie is relieved of all superfluous wraps and trimmings and given a good warm bath as soon as he is entered on the books as a full-fledged patient.

The dog doctor next makes a thorough examination, and then the men who act as nurses put the little patient into one of the iron bedsteads and tuck him in securely.

A ticket fastened to the head of the bed tells the name, owner, date of admission, and nature of the illness, so that there can never by any possibility be a mixture of pets, many of whom are so much alike that the precaution of labelling them is a very wise and necessary one.

At regular interals the dogs are carefully fed with milk and gruel, and their medicine given to them either from a slender china feeding tube or from a spoon, according to the likings of the captive patients. The dogs generally object to having strange hands laid upon them, for the majority are badly spoiled by their indulgent mistresses.

From three until five o'clock are the visiting hours, when most of the owners drop in to see and and cheer the little sufferers and to bring them some dainty bit which they are accustomed to have at home.

There is a great rejoicing when the patient is pronounced cured and is put back into the little basket and carried home in triumph; but, on the other hand, there is equally great lamentation and mourning when the case of one of them is declared to be helpless.

Two dollars is the fee for prescribing for a dog brought as an out-patient to the hospital; medicine, of course, is extra. Ten dollars will pay for a week at the hospitals with the very best care and attention which it would be possible even for a baby to have.

Some cases, where the trouble arises from a broken foot a dislocated limb ed, are taken at a charge of six or eight dollars, according to the amount of care and attention that is required.

How much greater is the power of an old song, with simple air and words, than that of those more difficult and artistic ones which sometimes throw professional musicians into ecstasies of delight! It may not be because there is more music or more feeling to it; but it is endeared to the hearts of the common people through familiarity, and associated with home scenes of love and affection, and appeals to sentiments and feelings that could not be awakened otherwise.

ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially, I will mail in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from anyone whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address

JAS A. HARRIS,
Box 251. Delray, Mich.

YOUR NAME beautifully printed on 35 LOVELY CARDS. Assorted and all Styles, Fun, Basket, Envelope, Silk Fringed Cards, etc., etc., Joker's Cards (Name Beauty), 18 Comic Transparent Cards (Great Fun), and our Budget, which is a Gold Mine (you want it) containing valuable Money Making Secrets from which fortunes are being made, Popular Songs, Autograph Selections, Flirtation Signals, The Lover's Telegraph, 15 portraits of Popular Ladies, etc., etc.; also Popular Paper 3 months. ALL FOR 10 CENTS.
CLINTON BROTHERS, Clintonville, Conn.

Dobbins' Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions, than any other Soap would be, if given to you; for by its use CLOTHES ARE SAVED. Clothes cost more than soap. This soap cost in 1869 twenty cents a bar. Now it costs nine. It contains precisely the same ingredients, and no others, now as then, and costs less than half. Buy it of your grocer, use it and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he knows that he can buy it of his wholesale grocer. The genuine always has our name on the wrapper. Look out for imitations. There are many of them.

PRESERVATION of clothes by the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap, is an established FACT of a generation. It is not an experiment or a wild assertion, but absolutely TRUE. Think carefully whether you prefer to save a cent or two on soap, or dollars on clothes. You can't do both. Buy Dobbins' Electric and look on every wrapper for the name of

DOBBINS SOAP M'F'G CO.,
Successors to I. L. Cragin & Co.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

$100.00
Given Away
Every Month

to the person submitting the most meritorious invention during the preceding month. WE SECURE PATENTS FOR INVENTORS, and the object of this offer is to encourage persons of an inventive turn of mind. At the same time we wish to impress the fact that :: :: ::

It's the Simple
Trivial Inventions
That Yield Fortunes

—such as De Long's Hook and Eye, "See that Hump," "Safety Pin," "Pigs in Clover," "Air Brake," etc.

Almost every one conceives a bright idea at some time or other. Why not put it in practical use? YOU talents may lie in this direction. May make your fortune. Why not try? :: :: :: ::

Write for further information and mention this paper.

THE PRESS CLAIMS CO.
Philip W. Avirett, Gen. Mgr.,
618 F Street Northwest,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The responsibility of this company may be judged by the fact that its stock is held by nearly two thousand of the leading newspapers in the United States.

Humorous.

A RHYME IN TIME.

Words without deeds are like the husks without the seeds.
Features without grace are like a clock without a face.
A Land without the laws is like a cat without her claws.
Life without cheer is like a cellar without beer.
A Master without a cane is like a rider without the rein.
Marriage without means is like a horse without his beans.
A Man without a wife is like a fork without a knife.

A noisome place—A howling wilderness.

Favorite jewelry for horse-fanciers—Studs.

The grave digger's work is always beneath him.

Fit accompaniment for a sheet of water—A spring bed.

The new foot and mouth disease—Rinks and spelling bees.

It's strange that a joke should be hardest to see through when it is thinnest.

It is not at all discreditable for the owner of extensive real estate to run rapidly through his property.

"That man didn't do a thing but knock me all out of keter," complained the weighing machine, "but I'll just lie in wait for the next fellow who comes along."

Pastor: You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Even animals know when to stop drinking!

Toper: So do I when I drink what they do.

Magistrate: You will be bound over to keep the peace toward all her Majesty's subjects for six months.

Bill Sykes: Well, 'evin elp the fust furriner I comes across!

Employer, finding his clerk asleep at the desk: Look here, Meyer, you can clear out at the month's end.

Clerk, peevishly: Well, you needn't have awakened me so soon for that.

Fond mother: Yes, sir; I have a little fellow who is only ten, and yet he writes beautiful poetry.

Old editor: Well, there's some hope for them when you catch 'em young; you can whip it out of 'em easier then.

"Papa," said Jimmieboy, "you are the nicest man in the world."

"And you are the nicest boy in the world," said his father.

"Yes, I guess that's so," said Jimmieboy. "Isn't it queer how we both managed to get into the same family?"

"Mother," said little Ned, one morning, after having fallen out of bed, "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near where I got in."

Musing a little while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added: "No, that wasn't the reason; it was because I slept too near where I fell out."

Employer: What's your name, young man?

New office boy: Dey call me India Rubber Ike.

Employer: How did you ever get such a strange name?

Boy: Me fader give it to me 'cause I git bounced so often.

Jones: Yes, sir, it is mighty hard to collect money just now; I know it.

Smith: Indeed! Have you tried to collect and failed?

Jones: Oh, no!

Smith: How, then, do you know that money is hard to collect?

Jones: Because several people have tried to collect of me.

Single man, to himself: "I am sure that darling little angel loves me. She takes me into her confidence and tells me all her troubles."

Same man, some years later: "Hang it all! From morning till night, and night till morning, when I'm at home, I hear nothing but tales about the servants, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, and all the rest of 'em."

A man out West, about thirty years old, having a shot-gun on his shoulder and two pigeons in his hand, was a short time back standing at a street corner telling a crowd that he had been out and killed five hundred pigeons since sunrise.

"You're a liar!" shouted a man on the edge of the crowd. The stranger looked at him long and earnestly, and then inquired:

"Where did you get acquainted with me?"

Lady: My foot seems to be swelled. Shoe dealer: These No. 2 shoes have been in stock so long that they have shrunk.

Lady: I really believe my joints are enlarged.

Dealer: Most likely these shoes are wrongly marked. They may be No. 1's.

Lady: I certainly can't get them on.

Dealer: Your instep is high. I will get another pair with a higher instep. All persons of noble ancestry have high insteps.

Dealer, back part of the store, two minutes later: Quick, George, rub the mark off those No. 6's, and give them to that woman in front.

A BLESSED DAY.—What a blessed day is Sunday to the weary man who necessarily catches but brief glimpses of home during the toiling week; who is off in the morning while little eyes are still closed in slumber, nor back at night till they are again sealed by sleep!

What would he know of the very children for whom he toils, were it not for the blessed breathing respite of Sunday?

What honest working-man's child will ever forget this day, when, clean and neat, it is his privilege to climb papa's knee, and hang about his neck, and tell him all the news which goes to make up his narrow little world.

"Narrow," did we say? we recall the word, for it widens out into the boundless ocean of eternity. Sunday for the working-man's children!

So would we have it—a day hallowed by sweet, pure home influences; when the little band, quite complete, shall rest from labor, and Love shall write it down the blessed day of all the seven.

BAROMETER FOR FARMERS.—Some farmers are guided in haymaking by the meteorological reports, but they cannot get them far in advance, and, although good enough for a district, they are not always trustworthy for certain parts of it. Every farmer ought to have a barometer, an upright instrument with a good-sized column of mercury, the top of which you can see. That top tells a weather tale instantly. When it swells and sparkles, fine weather is coming.

When it is depressed and does not shine, expect gloomy weather.

The glass must be set three or four times a day, if the mercury moves, and its action up and down carefully noted.

It is not so much where the top of the column is, as which way it moves, and at what rate.

The instant it gets to thirty inches and shows a bright top, and a tendency to go up, down with the grass. The probability is that the three or for days bay will be carried, well made, and without a drop of rain.

WOMAN'S ATTRACTIONS.—As to the attractions of any other woman than your own wife, I say, "Flee from them,"—don't attempt to resist or have any thing to do with them. Instantly insult any woman, whoever she may be, who attempts, however guardedly, to tamper with your honor in this respect.

Your conscience will tell you in a moment, if you listen to it, where you must draw the line between affability and politeness, and that creeping, flattering, worming, artful, but gradual insinuation of evil, the first shade of which I would have you detect, as your wife, if present, infallibly would do.

Young man, if you truly love your wife, give up the acquaintance of any person, whoever she may be, who would insinuate any thing of her, and resolve that she alone shall receive all your affections, and all your attentions, except those barely necessary for polite society.

AID UNNECESSARY.—Tired Tommy: "Ma'am, couldn't you help a man out of work?" Mrs. Pancake: "Humph! You look as if you could keep yourself out of work without help."

Colds
Coughs and
Bronchitis
Cured by Taking

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral

Awarded
Medal and Diploma
At World's Fair.

Use Ayer's Hair Vigor for Color.

DOLLARD & CO.,

TOUPEE

1223
CHESTNUT ST.
Philadelphia,
Premier Artistes
IN HAIR.

WIG

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS.
INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold a Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, o Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, say "Way Down on the Swanee River," either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC. IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY (twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED. (WAGGENER'S.) Mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Send for Circular. C. R. DRACON, Publisher, 227 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinders.

On and after Oct. 24, 1886.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express	daily	9.00 a m
Parlor and Dining Car, Buffalo and Chicago Exp.	daily,	6.38 p m
Sleeping Cars. Williamsport Express, week-days,		9.45 p m

8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 11.30 a m, 12.50, 1.30, 2.35, 5.00, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.30 a m, 12.30, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12. night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—5.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.35, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 4.20, 6.32, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.00, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Gettysburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, Sunday, 4.00 a m.

For Potterville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City (depot) week-days, express, 7.35, 9.00, a m, 3.30, 5.30, p m. Accommodation, 6.55, 8.15 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 7.30, p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3962 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, C. G. HANCOCK,
General Superintendent. General Passenger Agent.

"He had small skill o' horse flesh who bought a goose to ride on." Don't take ordinary soaps for house cleaning.

THE PROPER THING

is SAPOLIO

=Try a cake of it, and be convinced.=

COMMON SOAP *fails to accomplish satisfactory results in scouring and cleaning, and necessitates a great outlay of time and labor, which more than balances any saving in cost. Practical people will find SAPOLIO the best and cheapest soap for house-cleaning and scouring.*